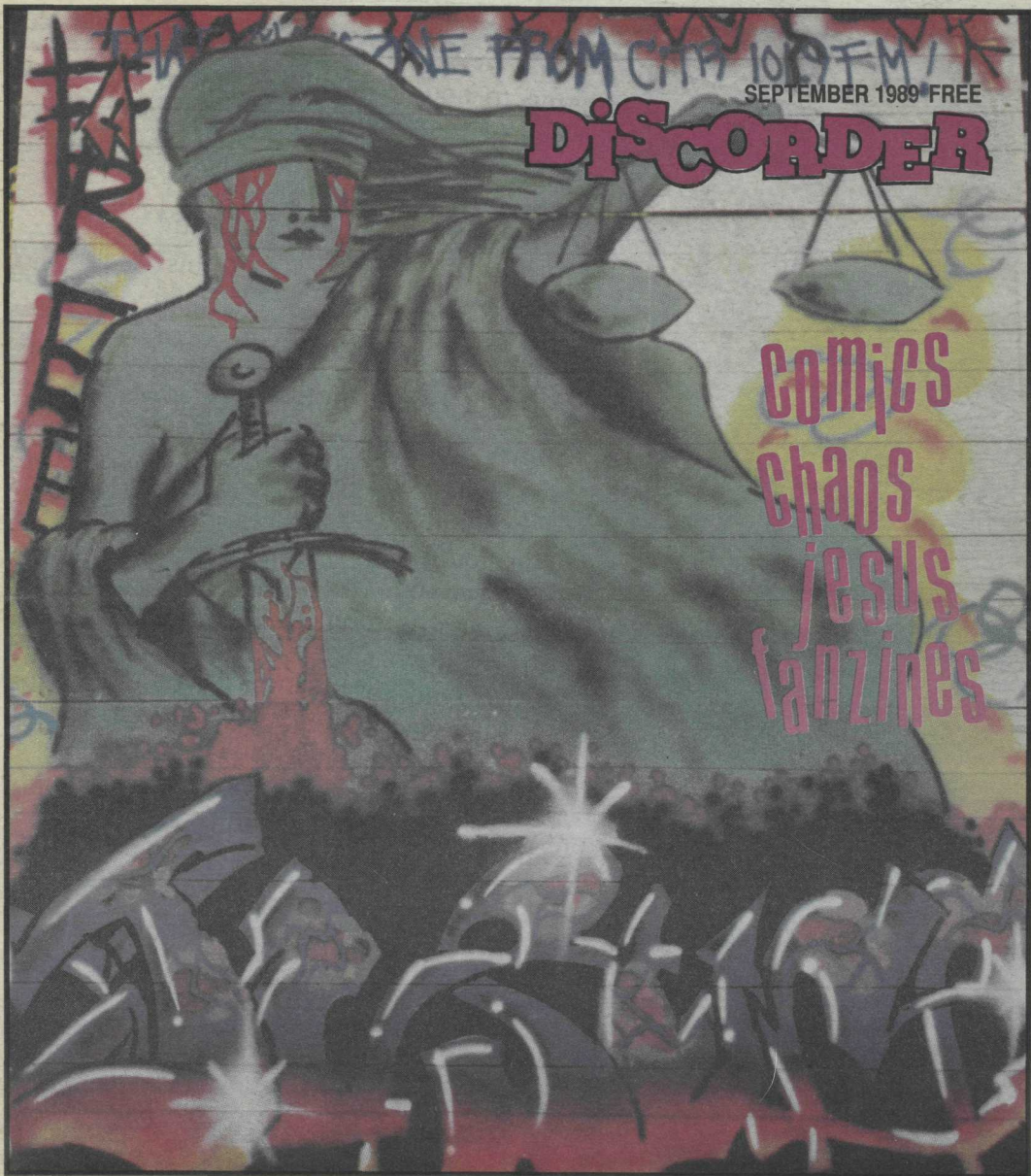


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plus *Fr. theque, library, place to collect*]



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EDITOR Kevin Smith / EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Viola Funk / WRITERS Janis McKenzie, John Ruskin, Michael Klassen, Bill Baker, Lloyd Liliana, Pat Carroll, Judy Lahit, Viola Funk, Jeanna South, Chris Buchanan, Mike Grigg, David Hauck, Den Lebel, Mike Harding, Brian Hohn, Janis McKenzie, Leigh Wolf / ART DIRECTOR Scott Chernoff / ARTIST Den Lebel, Jillian Farnsworth / PHOTOGRAPHER Stacey Hooper / COVER PAX (photo by E.) / PROGRAM GUIDE BY Randy Iwata / ADVERTISING MANAGER Mike Harding / ACCOUNTS GUY Randy Iwata / SUBSCRIPTIONS Robynn Iwata

Disorder is that Magazine from CTR 101.9 FM published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. Disorder prints what it wants! the CTR On the Dial program guide/the CTR Spinlist record chart/17,500 copies to over 200 spots. Twelve-month subscriptions are \$12 in Canada/\$12 (US) to the US/\$20 elsewhere/payable by cheque to Disorder Magazine. We want your stuff: send in stories, drawings, photos/ and we won't give it back.

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GET YOUR FUNKIN' FACTS STRAIGHT

Dear Airhead,

I was reading your July '89 issue when I came across a review of the Replacements' new LP "Don't Tell A Soul" by Viola Funk. I have been a Replacements fan since "Sorry Ma..." and I have lived for every album since, as would every Replacements fan. Ms Funk says that she hero-worships the band. BULLSHIT! I can accept the fact that she is giving her point of view of the album, but she obviously hasn't listened to ANY of their old albums. The final straw comes when she quotes a line from "Rock 'n' Roll Ghost" ("much too young/much too cool for words") under the impression that it is in the song "I'll Be You", which she called a "sad travesty". GET YOUR FUCKIN' FACTS STRAIGHT FUNK! Take my advice and chuck her out, and get more good people like DDD and Peter Sickert who know how to review vinyl.

Discorder Fan
Liam Milliken

PS Don't get me wrong; I LOVE Discorder and have high respect for anyone INVOLVED with it.

Okay dude. I was hoping some-

one out there would pick up on my misquote, which I realised in retrospect but was too damn lazy to correct. However, you have sorely misinterpreted my words. If you read carefully, you'll find the slight was directed at the song "I Won't", not at "I'll Be You". Anyway, this is all water under the bridge now, as the album has worn its way into my psyche to the point where I now listen to it more than the Femmes one. Go figure. —Viola

INTELLIGENTSIA TERRORIST REARS UGLY HEAD

Dear Airhead,

This is a public service announcement. It is with great chagrin that I present this warning to your listening and reading public. Having returned to my beloved city (one among several dozen) after some years of wreaking intellectual terrorist havoc at fine academic institutions everywhere, I find the results of my early, less refined, cerebral-explosive experiments loose among you in a virulently mutant form. He's been in your galleries, on your airwaves, and even quoted on your fine pages. Before this semi-talented, misogynistic (didn't you learn anything boy!),



egomaniacal twerp infests everyone's lives like chronic athlete's foot, the situation must be corrected.

An innocent child once stumbled into my laboratory and volunteered for experiments. He was metamorphosed immediately into my dog. The little pooch sat in the corner wide-eyed and panting (gonad problem which I totally neglected/Now obviously

out of control/Should have had him neutered.). This once-harmless nuisance called Bryce is attempting to overrun your city and your minds. So whenever it is possible to take a day off from subverting UBC intellectuals and scaring yuppies at Kits Beach, the necessary attitude transplant will be performed so we can all sleep soundly once again. My profoundest apologies for what-

ever part my work has contributed to the manifestation of this offensive little scourge. And for all individuals infested with Bryce-myth-itis, intensive, two-minute deprogramming courses will be set up at all city emergency facilities and at all public refuse containers within a five-block radius of Bryce's current address and public appearance locations. Do not despair. The situation will be rectified shortly. Thankyou.

Sincerely,
Marnie
representing
Society for Bryce Banishment
The Academy of Alchemical Anarchists
The Brotherhood of Boredom Bathers
Etc etc etc.

If you wanna insult someone, why not do it so that we can sympathise, rather than in obtuse metaphors?

HEH...HEH...HEH...
IT'S WHO YOU KNOW

Dear Airhead,

I recently received the copies of the Discorder Magazine and the tape of Joey Ramones' interview you sent. I

would just like to say thank you for everything you've done.

We enjoyed reading the Discorder Magazine and would love to read Part 2 of The Shocking Untold Story of The Partridge Family, if you could find it in your heart to send us a copy. We have a couple of big Partridge Family Fans (I don't know if I should put this in print).

Look forward to working with you in the future, thanks again.

Regards,
Barbara Pisano
Public I Publicity Services, Inc.
New York, New York

IT JUST GETS BETTER

Dear Airhead,
Received the bundle of DISCORDERS today, and distributed them to various record stores (indies!) and like venues. The people really appreciated 'em, so we're off. The monthly distribution will really be possible. Looking forward to the new format in September. It Just Gets Better!

Most Sincerely,
Terry Gibson
Regina

Yes you too can distribute DISCORDER. Contact: Robynn

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FANZINES FROM A TO Z



Riches in the Rags and Fave Raves by John Ruskin

So Mr. Sparky's got rhythm and a shot of the blues. But WHOA DAD!, your own dignity and self worth is totally low. What makes George Sparky tick you ask? Well, he buys Fanzines, cute, inky, little typewritten mags, available at better outlets everywhere, or through the mail. The varied list of essential fanzines, narrowed down to a few, guaranteed to give you, the daring thrillseeker, many a kick and perk, is as follows:

The 100 Greatest Cult Exploitation Magazines—One dinger of a zine chock full of history and intrigue, centered around North America's obsession with cheezy way-out sexual twin-ons. Author Alan Betrock has outdone himself in carefully annotating a hundred crazy mags from the years 1950-1985, boasting such titles as: *Bad Girls USA*; *Anything Goes*; *Frit Watcher*; *Strange Medical Facts*; *Hush-Hush*; and *Exposing America's Sin Cities*. Get this! (\$7 US ppd, from Norton Records, P.O. Box 646 Cooper Station, NY NY 10003, USA)

The Alien—A colorful local Vancouver publication put out by a one

Mr. Jesse Rivard. The current issue, funded by the fine folks at Cabbage & Kim, contains a full spectrum of psycho comic printed on high quality Day-Glow paper. Past editions of the Alien have featured a mixed bag of politics, music, comic, and international contributing illustrators like R.K. Sloan. Truly an inspirational piece of literature. (Free at Cabbages & Kim).

Blacklash—Seattle is known for a few things: Ivor's White Clam Chowder, exclusive 21 and over clubs, Expo 82, wicked metal garage grunge, weird smells, and ... The Plecter. "ARGGGGG!", Blacklash editor Dawn Anderson would ve-

hemently shout, "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW". Exactly, I know dick, but I can FEEL that Blacklash is presenting a fun, informative document of Washington State's explosive musical scene. Each month this "newspaper" has got thicker and slicker, culminating with an outstanding June issue on numerous Oregon rawt 'n' roll ensembles. Furthermore, a solid layout and good photos gives Blacklash the edge as a very worthwhile and exciting collectible companion. (Free, in the Seattle and surrounding area, or write: 4729 Fremont Ave. N, Seattle, WA 98103, USA)

Bad Seed—Created with the sole intent of uniting paperback collectors with a preference for true crime books. Sex, dope, murder, teen tramps, jailbait jennies, and grrl gangs; Bad Seed touches everything that should be touched! Editor Mikrim Linne, again and again, disgraces unknowing readers with a relentless barrage of information as only real bent American knows how to do. Take cover go! hell! (\$4 US ppd from Norton Records, P.O. Box 646 Cooper Station, NY NY 10003, USA.)

Flesh and Bones—Trippy 80 page newspaper fanzine dedicated to filth and sleaze lovers everywhere. Issue 8 contains great features on Str8, Gwer, Hawkwind, Soundgarden, Tater Tatz, the Lunachicks and artist J.D. King. Each installment of *Flesh and Bones* comes with a large array of electrifying vintage 1970's ads, plenty of brilliant illustrations, and gobs of demented typographic styles. In-cradible! (\$3.50 at Scratch Records, or send \$4 US ppd to: 351 Beechwood Avenue, Middletown NY 08946, USA)

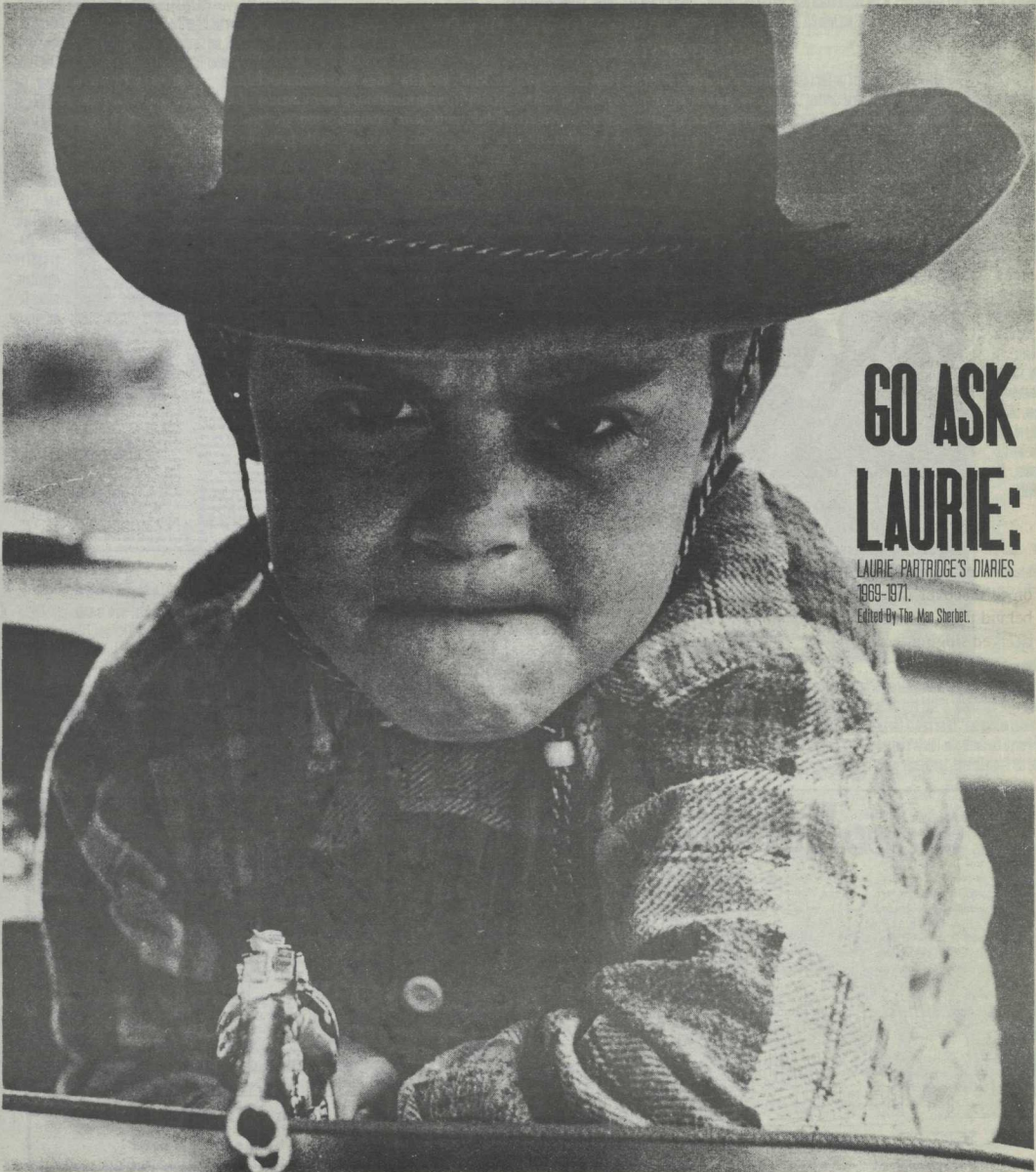
Fuzz Buzz—Fanzines started out as publications written exclusively for fans, by fans, and this zine is just that. Fuzz Buzz contains all the monthly news you need to know about New York's favorite son's, the Fuzztones. Of special interest are the diverse band photos, extensive tour and gig reports, and neat press clippings. The Cult of Fuzz awaits you. (\$2 US ppd, from: Live! Arts, P.O. Box 4306, San Diego, CA 92104, USA)

Hip Teen—One well produced joint collaboration between Greg "Dave" McVeyde of Gibsons, DC and Darren "Sly" Merinuk of Lunder, Man. Printed in terrifying psychographics, issue #16 literally "pops" out at the reader with an amazing blow comic center-spread. As for the rest of this handy sized digest, it is filled with lotsa fiction, non fiction, crayon marks, record reviews, and general reality destroying, pile-driving, geek mangling contributions. Hip Teen, "the official magazine of the out crowd." (\$60 cents, at Scratch records, or 75 cents ppd to: Merinuk, Box 52, Lunder, Man, ROC, TYO)

Interregnum—Brand new, and rip roaring to go. Interregnum gives us the scoop on Shattered Silence, Political Asylum, and the Polish Punk Scene. Based out of Vancouver, BC, this zine also carries informative write-ups on local happenings, such as the Anarchist Boatload and the Boots to Prisoners Project. Yeah! (\$30 cents at Trax records, or 75 cents US ppd from: R. Cowy, 3175 W. 37th Ave, Vancouver BC, V6N 2YD)

International Spectator—A neendoo sensationalist publication, led by the inventive Rick S. Since it's inception 8 years ago, the Spectator has "vomited forth" entire issues devoted to the likes of Magic, Anarchy, Drugs, Mods, and soon, Comix! Containing carefully designed pull-out sections and nifty little stickers, this magazine has all the pranks needed to catapult itself into the higher echelons of our weird, wicked and wonderful society. (\$50 cents at the International Spectator Shop, 432 Homer, Vancouver. Back issues are also available)

Kicks—Every year, a transplanted Canadian, Mikrim Linne, and her pal, the rubberlegged New Yorker, Billy Miller, bring forth into this world a mighty and precious creation—Kicks Magazine. Often called the "Zine of zines", Kicks exhaustively documents every way cool rocker to grace the stage since the beginning of time. Highlights such as: Esquerita, Hesh! Atkins, Rannie Dawson, Bobby Fuller, Link Wray, and others—YES, I mean others—are profiled. Kicks is known for its diversity, parody, so



GO ASK LAURIE:

LAURIE PARTRIDGE'S DIARIES
1969-1971.
Edited by The Man Sherbet.



The following is the second fascinating installment of Discorder's exclusive presentation of excerpts from Go Ask Laurie: Laurie Partridge's Diaries 1969-1971. Read on to discover more of the shocking truth behind the rise and fall of television's most beloved singing family...

March 10, 1971

Our second album, "Up to Date", came out today with advance orders of half a million copies. This week there is a spread in "Newsweek", and "Rolling Stone". Mom is featured in "Homes and Gardens" (titled "No Singing at the Dinner Table!"). Danny is mentioned in an article in "Forbes" about the music biz. Keith is being interviewed by "Playboy", although Mom doesn't know it yet. My piano teacher was even interviewed by a local television station, although he didn't mention he liked to feel my bum. But y'know, I'd give it all up today to run off with Bobby. He and I have been getting into some steaminess behind our gear at the back of the Partridge bus. Boy if Chris knew what his tomtoms know now...

April 3, 1971

Mom's in big trouble with the local schools because we've all been truant most of this school year. She got real smashed on gin the night of Tracy's birthday party probably because of the scandal. The newspapers printed a picture of her ripping up a bad review of

Danny was pouring with sweat. He and Reuban had been shooting at prairie dogs the day before last so I know he's packed his gun along too.

June 23, 1971

Dear God, I hope Tracy is all right. Why anyone thought a nine-year-old girl could endure a schoolbus ride on a nation-wide summer concert tour is beyond me. Soon as we booked into a Minneapolis Travel Lodge Tracy and a bagload of her things went missing. I wish I took the time to talk to her now. While I spent all my time groping Bobby, Tracy was sitting at the back of the other bus buried in Betty and Veronica comics. Danny's first impulse was that we should begin auditioning Tracy lookalikes, preferably musicians. Keith cracked him with an empty road case for that one.

June 24, 1971

Still no sign of Tracy. The police have a state-wide search in effect. Lee has enlisted the help of the Minnesota Satan's Angels chapter. The press is being really nasty to Mom over this. Maurice I guess couldn't handle the heavy mood and left Mom too.

June 26, 1971

Tracy's been found!! Apparently the "Ask Veronica Lodge" advice column was a post office box across the river in St. Paul and Tracy went looking for help in person. DC Comics quickly denied that they would advise girls to visit them. The publishers admitted however they received several letters from Tracy over several weeks, but explained "Veronica" was unlikely to give the revenge suggestions Tracy was looking for.

June 27, 1971

Mom's announced that she's cancelling the tour and we're going into the studio to record a project called the "Sound Magazine". Tracy is being enrolled this fall into a private art school in northern California. We got news that Maurice was found beaten and left for dead in a rent-a-car outside Minneapolis. In the hospital and with tubes up his nose and everything, Maurice says it was bikers that beat him up. State police held Lee for questioning. Danny, who said Lee was a "buddy", boasted Maurice was thumped on his orders because he didn't like him. Such were the Partridge's On Tour '71.

August 26, 1971

The "Sound Magazine" sessions are going down surprisingly well, considering the pressure of school starting in two weeks. Any over-

dubbing later could be arranged for after classes I guess, with homework probably forced on us between takes. A publicity photo got released of the group recording. Danny was wearing that stupid ghoulish mask I bought him for Christmas once. One writer thought the chubby, bass-playing ghoul might not be Tracy, and now "Is Danny Dead?" rumours are flying around.

September 17, 1971

Our first single off the new album, "I Woke Up in Love This Morning", which Keith wrote after he had a wet dream, sailed into the top five after one week. Advanced orders for "Sound Magazine" were around two million. Personally, I think this dead Danny story is really starting to dog the band, and Danny is not improving things by skipping school. I think Reuban put him up to this. He claims we move an extra 25,000 copies of "Sound Magazine" every day Danny is believed to be dead.

October 3, 1971

Keith has persuaded Mom to let me, Chris, Danny and himself play a one night gig in a local hall. Keith decided on "The Leather Apple Bedtime" as a name change for the group that night, and Reuban is circulating the rumour

that Danny will be brought back from the dead the night of the show. I'm wildly unhappy about this because I was getting comfortable being Dannyless.

October 6, 1971

Keith's pot-smoking is definitely testing the family's patience. As a twist for the L.A.B. show, Keith's arranged for us to dress as Ottoman soldiers, with the exception of Danny who'll dress as a Sultan and play from a cloud hanging over the stage. I don't get it, not a bit.

October 8, 1971

A truant officer knocked on our door this morning and took Danny off to school. Looks like Mom's going to spend more time in court, but this time over Danny's truancy. The L.A.B. rehearsals are lacking enthusiasm, except from Keith who wears his Turkish tunic with pride.

October 11, 1971

A rumour has gotten back to that the L.A.B. show tonight is supposedly a musical wake for our deceased brother. Having Danny up on a cloud isn't going to help things either. I'm just sick about this stupid show. It's going to be awful.

October 13, 1971

"LEATHER APRON OF BOMBASTI"... "LEATHER APRON - THE SLEEPY BLACKSMITHS"... "OF ROCK?"... Here's the headlines.

Somebody printed the posters wrong for the gig naming us "Leather Apron Bedtime". During the show Danny became dizzy and hot hanging over the other members of the group. His monitor blew, then when he tried to climb down from the suspended cloud with his heavy bass guitar slung from his back, Danny lost his grip, landed on the bass and sprained his back. Keith ripped off his tunic defiantly after that and launched into solo renditions of Partridge hits. This quelled the crowd which had begun ripping seats from the floor. Chris and I tended to Danny, who winced with pain when he was loaded onto the stretcher.

November 20, 1971

I've officially bowed out from the group. By my contract I continue to receive royalties for the first three royalties. Keith, Danny and Chris are forming a new unnamed group and have enlisted two young women musicians. Really they should call themselves the Cleveldia Family because the two new members are so well endowed. And me? Well, tomorrow's another day.



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MY LUNCH WITH SHITHEAD



Bill Baker Catches Gravy with the One and Only Joe Shithead

A few days ago, I had the pleasure of dining with singer, sportsman, and budding thespian **Joe "Shithead" Keithley** (with a th). Joe (we're on a first name basis, me and Joe) recently completed shooting on the locally produced feature film **Terminal City Ricochet**, in which he and ex-wrestler, ex-waterbed salesman-turned night club owner **Gene Kiniski** play a team of police constables. He will be appearing as Las Vegas-style fashion designer **Sammy Venus** in **The World of Beauty**, one of the plays in this year's Fringe festival. I joined Joe as he was shoving a final piece of fluorescent red pork down his gullet at Hon's Won Ton House on Main street.

Bill: Hi.

Joe: Hey, Bill. (To the waitress) Could we have a couple glasses of water, too? I don't think she believed me that I wanted a table for two; she thought I wanted to be by myself. You know she gave me my cheque like "Aaah yer takin' up valuable space there, Bud". At this other place I go to in Chinatown they just throw yer food at ya'. It's the total "White Devil" treatment, you know.

B: Did she really say "you're takin' up valuable space"?

J: Naw, naw.

B: What's good here? (I look at the menu and find an item called a "Poststicker") What's this post-sticker?

J: Naw, don't buy that...it's like a Chinese version of some ultra deep fried perogie or something. Last time I came here I came with **John Card** and **Richard Dugay** from the band **T.T. Racer**. And I went to the can, and I came back and I was lookin' at the list and I was you know, "Aaah, who could order those fuckin' poststickers, man? It's like so greasy and gross", and so on, and then this big order arrives for them, you know....

B: Bad news, bad news. Are you rehearsing these days?

J: Yah, I am. To be or not to be...no, um.

B: Remember one time you called [wrestler] **Freddy Blassie** "the Ultimate Professional" - singer,

actor, and wrestler. When was you going to start wrestling?

J: (Laughs) Well, I'm a hockey player, right. It's like his line is "Anything anyone can do Freddy Blassie can do better...whether it be the art of wrestlin', the art of talkin', or the art of makin' love". I go in with that type of attitude. With wrestlers, it depends on how you approach 'em, right. When I first met Kiniski, his sort of opening line to me was "Gene, can I get you a cup of coffee?", and he says "Aaah, come around with it pretty soon; if you don't get back, I'll occupy myself by beatin' the shit outta Joe here". So it's a test to see how you can react to that. Whether you shrivel or rise to the challenge. Even though he may be vastly physically bigger than

you, you either laugh or say "Can I get a different trailer?"

B: So...tell me about your acting...

J: Well, I figured I was usually walkin' around actin' like a buffoon or an asshole anyways, so why not try and turn it into some cold, hard cash, right?

B: Is there a lot of cash to be made from this gig?

J: Naw, not from the play, like, I'm just gettin' started at that. Like that part in the movie, that's just a small part - I had quite a lot of fun at it...In the play I have a larger part...it's set up like a TV studio with screens and technicians around...it's like bein' on **Geraldo Rivera** or somethin' except it's **The World of Beauty**. They have like different people come in between the commercials, and they actually have commercials up there on the screen. I guess I'm, y'know, one of the feature guests on it.

B: How did this come about? Did you have an audition, or was it a shoe-in?

J: (Pause) It was a shoe in. (Laughs) Naw, it was through my...I'm supposed to get this in...through my fabulous acting agent **Maureen Webb**. She thought I could do it...and Goddamn it, she was right!

B: You haven't done it yet...

J: Well, but I'm gonna do it. I'm not afraid of that, ya pencilneck! You say one more thing like that and you'll be wearin' that soap. What I wanna do in acting is like, well, I wanna be an all-around performer, and some people will say like "Joey, you've never had any problem bein' an all-around performer. With that beer belly you've always been an all-around performer. That's an obvious one. But I wanna try and do anything - not be limited by just having one scope, right, so I wanna pursue it...I figure I'm a character, and I can be intense when I wanna be, so...Ain't got too many parts yet - I got a pretty thin resume, right. But y'know I've been in front of cameras and shit for years and years, so it's no big shock. And when they say "Go", you've gotta

go, and not just sit there like a dud. Y'know, I figure it's like D.O.A.'s always been tryin' to...like when we get a chance to vent our spleens, so to speak, we're always tryin' to raise shit, whether it be on stage, on the air, on TV, or in press, or on record. To me, y'know, like I always thought music and film are the two most powerful mediums for effecting change in people, so like, hey...why not try and conquer...I ain't

"I figure I'm a character... I can be intense when I wanna be"

stoppin' at the small potatoes, bud. Let me tell you.

B: With this acting thing, did you have any lessons?

J: Naw...I was a total rookie, but it was just attitude. As I say, it's not really a huge, developed thing, you know...I'm on screen a fair bit (in the film), I've got six or eight lines, it's easy. You know, it's sort of raunchy - you know, me and Gene and all the other guys who play cops in the movie basically wait on the other guys. It's sort of a police state run by an ex-TV talk show host. It looks like it's gonna be real good, it's got a whole ton of laughs; it's black humour. It's not like **Robin Williams** meets **Steve Martin** or something like that. It's funny...they harpoon modern day TV politics. It's cool because **The World of Beauty** harpoons TV talk shows and takes on this whole thing of those half-hour shows you see on KVOs at midnight: **Stay Young Forever**, or whatever. It's all sellin' 'crap to people, and I think that's going to be one of the big challenges of the 90's - for regular people to realize what a con this is, and people on the other side of the fence, shit disturbers like me, have to beat them at their own game.

B: Have you ever seen **Let's Talk with Lyle Waggoner** where they

introduce these guests... renowned doctors who...

J: Ya, it's just some guy who's not respected in any circles...some crackpot who got his doctor's degree from a Crackerjack box (laughs).

B: You seem pretty happy in general.

J: Yah, well I feel good, y'know. D.O.A.'s finally back on track - we got a manager, and I got some other ideas, like producing music or whatever, but I don't wanna let the cat out of the bag. But it wouldn't matter - nobody can do it as good as me. It's all attitude, y'know; I'm gonna get this done by workin' my fuckin' ass like fuckin'...crazy, y'know? It's like when we become the 51st state, I figure I'll be eligible to run for president. It's right about the time **Clint Eastwood**'ll be done his stint at it.

B: The press will tear you to shreds.

J: Yah, they're like a bunch of piranhas - go in too deep, and they'll chew ya to shreds.

B: You've done a few interviews lately...you're still here.

J: Well, they take one bite outta me and its like "Aaahh BAD TASTE and it smells bad, too."

B: Wow... the press is just flocking to your side!

J: Yah, y'know I'm just a gravy boat, and ya gotta be there with a cup to catch some of it...be there with an ice cream pail to catch some of the crap comin' over the side there...

B: Right. Well, anything else?

J: Naw. You gonna pick up the tab?

B: Hah!

J: What's another name for a cheque?

B: I don't know...what?

J: Bill (laughs and throws the cheque at me)

The World of Beauty will be performed at the Warehouse Theatre on Main Street daily from September 8-14. D.O.A.'s new album, **Murder**, will be released in October, and **Terminal City Ricochet** is slated for release "as early as November." Ample opportunities to catch Joe in action. If you see him alone in a restaurant, however...

Shithead's tips:

- 1) Just uh... when you decide to do a part, make a decision. Take a certain angle, don't change it as you go. Unless you're interpreting the part to be schizophrenic.
- 2) Think what would you do in that real life situation. If you felt like cryin', or laughin', or uh-huh-huh beatin' the shit outta somebody.
- 3) Don't have a porcupine haircut like mine. That's the most important thing. The other stuff's common knowledge.

ASHWIN BATISH

by Lloyd Wilson
SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN
Friday Evenings 7:30 - 4:50 AM



An advertisement for Columbia jazz products that ran in the July 1st issue of Billboard reads "Where tradition meets tomorrow". A little awkward, I'll admit, and I'm not sure whether the tie in I had dreamt up between this quote and the Ashwin Batish phenomenon is a clear one but I'd be damned if I couldn't use it. The notion of 'tradition' and 'tomorrow', I think, perfectly sums up Bombay-born American sitarist Batish who - armed with Monsieur le drum machine, Yamaha DX9 synth, and further '80s gadgetry - manages to uniquely and humorously create a musical strain that works on modern aesthetic visions while simultaneously maintaining a secure grasp on both his past and that of his native homeland. Hence - 'tradition' and 'tomorrow'. I had a chance to meet Mr. Batish when he played in Vancouver for the first time at last July's Folk Music Festival.

Q: You handle your records on an independent basis. How do you find that has benefited you or worked against you in some way?

Batish: Well, let me start with how I really envisioned going out there and doing it. Every musician's dream is to get a big company to back you. Everybody says that's the only way to go. And sure enough for the first six months, as soon as I made that single (Bombay Boogie b/w India Beat)...I made copies of that single on really good quality chrome tape with dolby...it was really kicking butt...I thought this would really do it! (laughs) They just have to put it in their systems and crank the volume! Well, six months pass by and you start getting these pigeons that you sent out coming back saying "Uh, sorry, this stuff is good, but try an Indian audience" and comments like that. They wanted me to try it in India. I still kept pushing it. Finally, by getting many refusals it just made me real numb to the fact I was going to do any more of it. I just thought that was it. But I borrowed a few bucks from the rest of the relatives - that's what relatives are for (laughs) - and put out 5,000 singles. Just gave them away to radio stations, to

record stores, to djs...whoever wanted one. We just gave 'em away. So, it started happening. Certainly it was all over. It was starting to get airplay. People thought it was kind of a crazy thing with my image and stuff. They thought this guy has got to be joking. So that made them play the record and once they played it, they liked it and played it again. I think I sent out over a thousand of those response cards and got almost 600 of them back from stations with great comments on them. After I got all those cards I said "Man, this is happening." (laughs)

Q: Is Sitar Power the only album you've released?

B: I have about ten different titles, but the rest of them are all classical. I have three albums which are classical and then a bunch of albums with my father and my sister where I am accompanying them on sitar and tabla. But the record company (Batish Records) has about ten albums and Sitar Power is the one that got picked up for distribution by Shannachie.

Q: Is there a market in India for your work?

B: I'm sure there is, but it hasn't been tapped yet. I haven't pushed it in India. I've just pushed it in the US actually and the fact that it has gone bigger in Canada than in the US...you might say I'm really excited about it in a way because I had always envisioned doing things in Canada but I just didn't know how. So when the Festival came through with these concerts, I was very happy about it.

Q: Do you perform club dates as well as folk music festivals?

B: Most of the concerts I do have been club dates, mostly in the USA of course. But the Canadian circuit is very favorable as far as festivals are concerned and so I'm getting booked in quite a few festivals. I did a World Beat Festival in Ottawa. I'm coming from the Montreal Jazz Festival. I was at the Winnipeg Folk Festival. So they're coming through. I'll be doing WOMAD in Toronto and the Earthsong Festival also, in Hamilton.

Q: What criticisms have you received from the Indian community or just your peers in general?

B: Sometimes people don't understand. They think I'm trying to fight tradition with this new concept and that has been the main spark of contention, I think. What people think is that I am really a pop musician that does not have a great deal of respect for the traditional forms. A lot of those people are very misguided in that they don't really know what I am doing. A lot of classical musicians, if they hear my music, they'll realize that I am playing very strictly in the ragas; the stuff I do doesn't compromise. I don't go out there and try to do what I call 'piddly licks'. I'm out there really trying to show people what the sitar can do fully. My scales are right out of the scale structures of Indian classical music and I am a classically trained musician. Anybody who wants to jam with me at that level, I'd be happy to have them come out. As far as tradition is concerned, for instance...What is tradition? It starts at a certain point in time. Five hundred years down the road THAT becomes tradition. Tradition is really a relative issue and I think people who think of themselves as traditionalists should also look inwards and question that issue of traditionalism. I'm trying to promote it. That's the message I really try to bring out to people...that the sitar is a very versatile instrument. India is a very versatile country. India is not all meditation and sit down-and-burn incense country. India is a very cosmopolitan country. It has many aspects of music that people over here haven't even dreamed of. And so, what I'm trying to do is bring out a little bit of it, but in my own way. I'm making it high tech you might say. I'm trying to bring out a certain culture and aspect of the country over here. How can you do it unless you take the help of technology that is out there? You owe it to yourself to go the best route to promote the music. That's what Sitar Power stands for; it's today with the old coming into today.



SOUL VIBRATIONS

by Lloyd Wlano

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN
Friday Evenings 12:30 - 4:00 AM

Sure, I was caught off guard when the Folk Fest people called up about doing an interview with a reggae band from Nicaragua. I figured, as probably many of you figured, the musical proponents of revolution from Nicaragua only wield acoustic guitars. Shameful what conclusions stereotypical thinking can cause people to come to! Enter Soul Vibrations, an eight piece reggae outfit from the black English-speaking Bluefields community on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. Bassist/co-lyricist Alfonso Flores spoke to *Discorder* during their Folk Music Festival stopover.

Q: Liberation from oppressive systems, particularly the emancipation of the black community, is a major theme that runs through your lyrics...at least those that I've heard on your cassette... Does there exist or is it possible for there to exist any

resentment of your peripheral concerns by the much larger revolution taking place in Nicaragua?

Flores: The Nicaraguan revolution is very broadminded; the people are open. For example, if you have a method that could solve problems in this society you just put it forward. They'll listen to it. And if it's correct then they'll give you *vista bueno*, we say in Spanish. They authorize it, so you can do your thing. The revolution is for the people; it's not only for the political party. Other countries think that the revolution is for only one party, that it's radical. It's not. That is nonsense. Anyone in Nicaragua can make a revolution. So the black people from the Atlantic Coast... we think the revolution has started not only ten years ago but for many years now. It's a world revolution. Now it seems like Nicaragua has created the possibility to expand this consciousness

worldwide.

Q: Would you care to discuss your background, your heritage?

F: I asked my grandfather where his parents were from when I was younger. He told me they were from the Middle East. But then many writers wrote some big lies about the black community and the Caribbean. Of course, some were taken to the Caribbean from Africa as slaves. But not all were slaves. Basically, where I was born in Nicaragua... this place is called Orinoco and these people came from St. Vincent Island in South America... Venezuela. There is a river in Venezuela called Orinoco. Well, this village is also called Orinoco and these people weren't slaves, they were mystics; they had mystic powers. They fought their way out and they were trying to return back to South America but the influence of time stopped them on

the Nicaraguan east coast. So you still find people there who consult the traditions of the occult; they speak the ancient languages.

Q: Is racism versus the black population prevalent in Nicaragua?

F: In the beginning, maybe in Somosa's days there was a different concept because the black people could not be involved in the environment of the government to develop themselves. They were rejected. But now with the revolution it's a big change because you can develop yourself. The government has given the black people the autonomy and facility to do what they like. And they are free to do what they like. It's a big difference and racism in Nicaragua is not strong. I never felt this. From when I was born I never felt rejected by other races, although sometimes in the past I've met some stupid people. It's nonsense.

After all, it's just ignorance that is the cause of this discrimination.

Q: With the fabulous response you've received on your tours, do you find it a little tempting to relocate in the United States?

F: Basically, we want to distribute our message to the world; not only to the States, but everywhere. We have just come from Europe and we think that our music can help to change a situation because it's not only Nicaragua's problem. It's a world problem. The leaders of society must purge themselves from the hypocritical concept of cheating the people as they have for so many years. The Nicaraguan people, Central American people, a lot of people in Canada, and people everywhere, are aware of this. The politicians present themselves as godly people. We can see they are saying that they are godly people and they are

using the same message of great personalities - Jesus, Muhammad, Buddha, Rama, Krishna. They are using the same policy but they then are hypocrites because of what they are practising. So in the name of humanitarianism or philanthropism, or whatever...socialism, communism, they have cheated people. So we try to sing about this in our music so that people might prepare for a God-conscious government in the future - with purified leaders.

State support has given Soul Vibrations the opportunity to record the ten song cassette, mentioned earlier, in a government-run studio in Managua. The tape is not available at retail outlets; however, CITR does have it in rotation so request it. Apparently Festival records will be making some of their music available on LP in the near future.



AN INCOMPLETE SPOTTER'S GUIDE TO FRATERNITIES AT U.B.C.

by Pat Carroll

Chances are if you see a clean cut young man wearing a polo shirt being thrown into the fountain of Main Library, he's in a fraternity. But that is really very obvious. What are some other ways of spotting fraternity members when they are not being so open about their allegiances? Well, we here at Disorder just want to help end the confusion about 'frats' so here is our guide to the ten major 'Greek Societies' on campus. Hopefully, this will aid you the reader in your selection process.

ALPHA Upsilon Psi - A new frat at UBC, my source described them as "idealists who left ZETA BETA TAU", because of the latter's perceived deviation from the true path of Greek Brotherhood. On the other hand they may just have wanted to appear in the phone book sooner.

BETA THETA PHI - The 'Betas' like to cultivate a reputation as the 'richest and classiest' fraternity on campus; many of its members aspire to be white collar professionals.

However, at least one young lady, who has seen them up close, describes them as, "geeks and boors".

KAPA SIGMA - The 'Capsigs' were briefly described to me as 'cool' but believe strongly in their rituals, which, needless to say, they are not going to share with the uninitiated - you and me.

DELTA CAPPA EPSILON - If you think frat brothers are nothing but overprivileged,

upper class twits indulging in silly, degrading games involving kidnapping, and goats... these guys are it. However, the extraordinary severity of their initiations may be needed to root out the unworthy, as the nonstop party action they partake in makes them very popular with the 'pledges' (young men seeking to join a fraternity).

THE FIGS - My favorite frat for sheer absurd secrecy. If you phone them up and ask to speak to their president,

whomever answers the phone will reply. "That's Me." Actually, most of the Figs don't know who their president is because (wait for it) it's a secret; at any rate, all of this assumes you can even find their phone number in the first place. As well, I am not, nor is anyone else, allowed to print what "FIGI" stands for, but we have a game to help you guess (see bottom of page).

PHI DELTA THETA

"Fidelts" - A group of young men who go in for the student body executive sort of thing - i.e. many past, and present, members of the AMS executive council are Fidelts. They are reportedly more individualistic than other frats.

PSI UPSILON - Psi

Mostly given to older, Grad student types. A less socially minded frat than most others. One assumes, however, that TAs, and even some less formal of the profs, could attend any social functions they do have.

SIGMA PHI

The serious, community involved side of fraternities. They do good deeds, have a formal dinner to which one invites ones parents, and, in the US, Sigma Phi has produced a number of presidents (which may or may not be a good thing).

ZETA BETA TAU

The sort of guys who really like being in a fraternity, and will say, "Hi, Bob Smith, damn glad to see you" and mean it. (see also Alpha Upsilon Psi)

NOW ITS TIME FOR THE WHAT DOES "FIGI" STAND FOR GAME

First the hints:

1. take the first word from the "Fidelts" and place it in front of...

2. ...the word used in sentences like, 'the atom bomb went off and produced a lot of G___ radiation, and those words follow them with...

3...the name of a Vancouver suburb south of Richmond and west of Surrey.

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RE SEARCH

LOOKING FOR THE REAL GOODS
by Judy Lahti

The walls of the COCA gallery in Seattle are covered with photos and text dealing with tattooed torsos, pierced pee-pees and outrageous others. The flash on display is rivaled only by the gathered melange, a wild assortment of people to say the least. And as I'm taking this all in, my hearts going "boom boom" with that feeling I'm onto something great. What I am onto is the opening party celebrating the latest *Re/Search* publication, *Modern Primitives*.

Re/Search has vision. Seeking motives and philosophy behind actions, it explores topics of interest for those who are "off the beaten track", shall we say. Past books include:

INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS - Think odd. Horror, biters, beach party, exploitation - it's all here. To be followed (this year?) by *Incredibly Strange music*.

PRANKS - Here we have laid back conversations with Jello Biafra, Karen Finley, Tim Leary, Joe Coleman (remember the madman in *Mondo New York* who had those fire-crackers on his chest?) and more, as they reveal their most outrageous exploits. It's enough to give people ideas, so, as with a few of the *Re/Search* series, *Pranks* has a disclaimer noting the book is for entertainment and humour purposes only! This is to protect the editors from any lawsuits which could arise. Heave men.

THE INDUSTRIAL CULTURE HANDBOOK - A reference book examining just what the heck people like Thrashing Cristle, Z'ev, Mark Pauline (of Survival Research Laboratories) and others are up to. Fascinating and not for the squeamish.

Now there's *Modern Primitives*, a book no modern day anthropologist, tattooed person or voyeur, for that matter, should be without. From the disclaimer onward (**Warning:** do not attempt any of the body modifications or practices described herein. If you insist on doing any, go to a professional. Neither the contributors nor the publishers will assume responsibility for the use or misuse of any information contained within this book), it just gets better.

The stylish book is primarily comprised of 24 interviews with a wide range of men and women discussing their ideas and practices of body modification.

This is not merely a "show and tell" situation exploiting people's bodies. It gets into the "Why?" of it all. Why do these people have tattoos? What is their philosophy? How can it relate to others' lives? The subjects open up and share their experience.

The tattoos here have little time for "Born to Lose" insignias or cute little roses. We meet people with intricately executed full back murals. Renowned artist Ed Hardy (whose first shop was Dragon Tattoo in Vancouver) discusses artistic standards. There's an interview with the ever colourful Captain Don, who bears an eerie resemblance to David Niven, and ran from home with the circus at age 14 and became a sword swallower and fire eater.

Not so light reading is the book's first subject, Fakir Musafar, a 57-year-old executive from California who has practiced virtually every form of ritual known to man. Many of Musafar's actions are simply unpleasant to think about or look at - for example, he has gilded himself and practices the American Indian Sun Dance.

The sole Canadian interview is ManWoman from Cranbrook. An artist and visionary whose mission is to rehabilitate the swastika (for years before Hitler a sign of good and prosperity), ManWoman is an imposing figure with his burly chest covered by three stall tattoos and his forearms with swastikas. Obviously often misunderstood, the primitives interview shows ManWoman as he would like to be perceived - a peaceful, caring artist.

In Seattle I had a chance to purchase the book and meet Andrea Juno and V. Vale, editors of *Re/Search*. Feeling rather awestruck, I asked for their autographs (plus that of Bobby Neal Adams, *Re/Search*'s chief photographer whose excellent work is only made more appealing through his modesty). All three were pleasant and accommodating with Vale taking souvenir pictures of everyone present.

Re/Search is planning more projects. It remains the least presumptuous, most academic series of literature for modern readers who want the real goods. Find *Re/Search* at easy going bookstores in town, or for a catalogue write to: *Re/Search* publications, 20 Romolo St. suite B, San Francisco CA, 94133.

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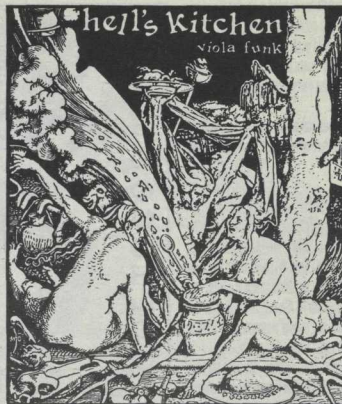


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Remember that satisfying, punched-in-the-gut feeling you'd get as a child after guzzling a milkshake? I had forgotten it until the other night, when, to sustain myself on the long trek home, I picked one up at the Granville Mall McDonalds. This mother (vanilla, 99 cents) was quite equal to the challenge. Though the ones I so fondly remember from my childhood were of a different origin. Sunday nights, motoring home to North Van from Abbotsford and the customary visit at Uncle Arden & Aunt Rosalind's (a repast of crusty buns, pickles, New Bothwell cheese, cold cuts, fruit preserves, and on good nights, some fancy-dancy dessert). Mum & Dad could usually be coerced into stopping off at the A&W drive-in on Fraser Way. My brother and I would each get a milkshake—in those days, mine were chocolate—and the parental parties would of course have coffees. Well do I remember those late-evening drives home, ripping along the Trans-Canada west—Next Exit: Fort Langley...Langley...Next Exit: Surrey...—the eastbound traffic across the median Dopplering away into the night, teeth cold and stomach satiated by the milkshake sitting like cement at its pit.

So let's peel away the grimy layers of time and call to mind other delights of childhood, virtual-wise...

I can't even think about Scooby-Doo cartoons without almost being able to taste Aunt Jemima "Simulated BLUEBERRY Flavour" waffles and Lumberjack syrup. The two went hand in hand oftentimes of a childhood morning. I was twelve before we got a TV set, and hence began a custom of awakening in

time to watch the half-hour of Scooby-Doo while I ate my waffles. With Imperial margarine melting on them and intertwining with the syrup in milky drizzle. "The Weird Winds of Winona" was one of my favourite episodes, although my brother's favourite "The Ghost of the Red Baron" was pretty hot shit too.

Porridge. Most kids (and indeed, most sentient beings, some may argue) hate it, but for us it was a special treat. My mum never made it lumpy, and plus there was always the bonus of some good ass-kicking lumps of brown sugar melting on top of it.

One of my earliest positive run-ins with food used to occur when my mother sent me, age 4, round the corner from our apartment to the Mini-Mart on Lonsdale to pick stuff up for her. I would hand her little list to the man behind the counter, who would amass the indicated items

for me. At the end of the list, if I was lucky, would be a Dixie-cup of vanilla ice-cream and a bag of Old Dutch potato chips. Back home with my booty I'd dig in, ditching the little wooden tongue-depressor spoon that came with the ice-cream in favour of just dipping the chips straight into it. (Which inevitably resulted in some breakage, but hey.) Sweet and salt, a truly blissful combination.

With much nostalgia do I recall having floats as a child. Especially the ones served up in Esso Wayfarer cafes in the course of long journeys to and from Manitoba. There were few greater reliefs after long hours in the stuffy, pillow-infested humidity of the Pontiac than to step into those welcoming, A-frame, air-conditioned environs ("70's-ARAMA!"), plant one's ass on a vinyl-upholstered seat, and down a tall cold one. Taking after my father, I generally chose Orange Crush, though my brother would opt for root beer. Which tended to cake onto the inside of the glass with much more alacrity than Orange Crush, forming a truly disgusting peck-marked scum. Hence my aversion to it.

For the sake of comparison, I stopped in at the old A&W drive-in at Fraser & 33rd (should be a designated heritage site, if you ask me) last time I was up in that neck of the woods, and purchased a strawberry milkshake. This one'll set you back \$1.49, but it's worth every penny—infinite creamier, smoother and tastier than the McDick's equivalent. And plus, you get one of those grooving straws with orange stripes on it. Now if only my brother had been around for me to shoot the straw wrapper at, it would have been a complete bitchin' blast from the past.

Well hey man, "winter's coming on, summer's almost gone" why not throw the following concoction on the table at the last barbecue of the season. Thanks to R. Harvey of Nelson St for sending in the recipe.

Avocados are the dark green fruit that looks like hand grenades in your grocer's produce section; a good avocado is soft, not extra-mushy.

TAKE: 2 large avocados; remove skin and mash

ADD: 3/4 c mayonnaise or salad dressing

1 lemon (the juice or, if you are feeling earthy,

tooss in the entire lemon, peeled & sectioned)

3/4 c chopped celery

1/4 c chopped green onion

1/2 c grated carrot

1/2 c grated beet

This can be refrigerated for a couple of hours before eating but discolours and loses flavour quickly. Goes great with burgers or your favourite curry dish. For variety add avocado to potato salad, to give it a thought-provoking greenish hue.

youve done it youre trapped for eight sunny months at ubc and the exploration of the expanse of campus has begun your rez room the cafeteria sub the pit and of course the book store and buchanan perhaps in time you may even try one of the many libraries for a little r and r woodward is nice if you can put up with the aroma of bologna slices placed in a book at random on every floor hidden in the shelves for some unsuspecting biosci research t a if the smell of decemblers processed cod and pig entrails gets to you then you may want to head to sedgewick library but dont forget to check the mirror because we all know sedge is the biggest pickup joint in town after wednesday at the pit and the pink saweay on a friday night when you tired of all left brain activity and youre bored with television and frat pranks (you may say "never!" but just you wait)

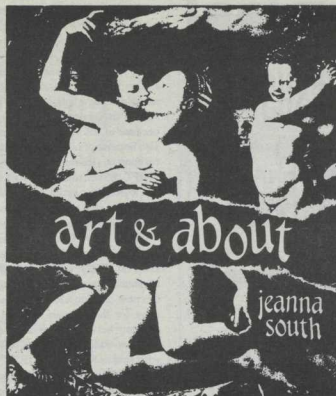
there are a few alternatives to the usual ubc menu of events
 you got it buck
 food for the soul
 right brain kinda stuff
 theatre music ART creative writing
 heres a sampling of some of the ARTstuff that is happening on campus this month

at the ubc school of music there is a number of series happening during the fall and winter session and a calendar of events will be available for the public by the second week of this month the wednesday noon hour series returns on september 6th featuring solo and chamber music from vancouver and beyond the price is practically free (two dollars)

an evening concert series of music by outstanding students fondly known as
 in the spotlight begins
 october 24 and will cost you nothing there is a faculty and guest concert series beginning september 14 for more info call 228 3113 the ubc school of music is an extremely friendly and happening kind of place Dolia took time out of her busy schedule to talk to disorder and go over information that may be of interest to the students most of this stuff takes place in the ubc recital hall

citr enjoyed a successful relationship with the student run summer theatre program the actors/esses were enthusiastic to explore the medium of student run radio and its advantages for their stage productions most of the same students will be pARTicipating in the fall productions at the freddy wood theatre but if you want more information
 marjthe publicist from hell
 says
 godownandgetityourself
 so much for free advertising hey folks

the ams gallery is the place where most of the bfa mfa architecture and ART education students exhibit on campus it provides an easily accessible facility for the artist and students as well as a venue to show off the extensive ART collection of the ams the september lineup includes imaginus that sub poster monopoly thang followed by two mfa exhibits at the end of the month



the september exhibit at the fine ARTs gallery features an installation by canadian ARTist ron huebner entitled
 need me like i need you
 huebner created the multimedia exhibit specifically for this gallery space as a meditation on human nature and achievement and will be available for viewing until october 7th the fine arts gallery is in the basement of the main library and offers students an opportunity to view contemporary ART of exceptional quality by professional ARTists if you are a seven foot ART aficionado
 watch your head because the intimate space of the fine ARTs gallery may not be forehead friendly

this is just a taste of the things that can be done here on the campus of the conservatives a few other things to look for are special productions and readings by the creative writing depARTment student created and produced films and special events and presentations by indigenous peoples at the museum of anthropology

a groovy thing about the ubc ARTs thing is you can enter any of these places dressed in primary colours thats right you dont have to dig up your one black turtleneck and your nifty leather coat in 30degree weather if you dont feel like it go in
 red blue yellow orange purple
 or my favorite
 green
 its probably a good idea to leave the old biker shorts at home or if you have to cycle take something to change into
 sandpex

is a tad inappropriate in a creative environment (unless its on michangelos david that is)

a lions share of the ubc ARTScene is a product of the efforts of various fine ARTs students most of whom are widely learned some already have one degree or another or have left a more structured faculty that they have toiled away in for a few torturous years many fine ARTs students have previously entered another faculty such as science anthropology commerce or computers to get a real degree in hopes of getting a real job once they have sheepskin in hand the average fine ARTs student is in the faculty because she/he really really really really likes what he/she is doing within their medium of the ARTs they put in long hours in the studio practice room theatre or in front of the typewriter often to only share their efforts with their peers because they feel that they have something unique to contribute and communicate through the medium

accusations of elitism within the ubc fine ARTs depARTments are mainly based on the lack of communication and cooperation between the fine ARTs faculties for example a camera friendly studio ARTs student cannot use a film depARTments video equipment or when i was trying to get a bit of information regarding the upcoming freddy wood events their publicist snarled that ishouldjustcomeinandpickupapamphlet (all i want to know is who is marjthe publicist and what is she being paid to growl over the phone)

but their is an exception once upon a time the music department extended its facilities to certain students outside of their program a commendable and rare occurrence if the fine ARTs cats dont even cooperate with each other how can we expect the rest of the campus to acknowledge that the ARTs are an important thing within the structure of this postsecondary educational institution

the neatest thing about ubc ARTs is they are practically unknown to the rest of the campus populace they struggle for recognition with four billion other students boasting a population far below engineers commerce of general ARTs keepers the fine ARTs students lack financial support and recognition of their essential services to the campus you dont often see posters in the chem buildin or war memorial pushing the importance of the ARTs or even mentioning that the cool thing about right brain activity is that you dont tip over onto your left side from knowing too much STUFF stimulating the senses utilizing personal opinion enjoying the aesthetic (if you please) and promoting balance in the noggin thats what the ARTs and ARTists of ubc have to offer.



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The Second Coming!

Look Out, It's MC 900 FT JESUS



by J. J. Derrida

Imagine the trepidation as my little white ass was assigned to interview one of the freshest and most exciting rap artists to emerge from the United States in quite a while. Although I enjoy listening to rap music, the thought of having to face a man who would inevitably turn out to be a big, black, muscular former gang member who bears a grudge against all of white society did not promise to be a comfortable afternoon. Chances are he would hate me and my middle American values (which I developed by watching too many Happy Days reruns). Remember, rap music means urban strife and racial tensions which would undoubtedly be taken out on me. So as I walked into Nettwerk's offices to interview MC 900 FT JESUS I tried to bring to mind any Martin Luther King Jr. phrases to be utilised in order to try to make a quick convert. Unfortunately, the violently anti-semitic remarks made recently by Public Enemy's Professor Griff was making it very difficult to remember the "I Have a Dream" speech. Nonetheless, with tape recorder in hand, and a few pleasantries to exchange in "jive" in mind, I plunged into Black Urban America.

With that preamble, imagine my shock and surprise when MC 900 FT JESUS did not turn out to be an ex-Black Panther from New York, but instead, a soft-spoken caucasian lad from Dallas. Cracking a market dominated by black artists, MC 900 FT JESUS is innovative not only because of his skin colour but also because of his style and lyrical content. The real name of MC 900 FT JESUS, replaces the usual rap topics, like racial strife and women as sex objects, with reflections on religion and insanity. While MC 900 FT JESUS shakes up the message of rap, his sidekick, DJ ZERO, uses traditional rap sounds and structures to make this new creation a lot less alienating for the listeners. This dichotomy between the traditional and non-traditional elements is what makes MC 900 FT JESUS and DJ ZERO not just another rap group. Says MC, "We seem to work against each other even though we are working together, it seems to add up to something that is quite a bit different than anything else that has been done before."

The new frenzied rap style pioneered by MC 900 FT JESUS has many people debating as to whether or not it is truly rap. "I don't think I'm a rapper, I think what I'm doing is just a little bit different. Its kinda close to a lot of things, and musically it's really based on rap type structures and put together like rap music is, and it uses a lot of the same sounds, but yet, lyrically and vocally I'm coming from a different place. I don't sing. I do deliver almost everything I do in a rap-type style, but to me it's a different thing." While many of today's rappers try to establish a clear and crisp vocal sound on their records, Mark Griffin uses heavy vocal distortions on his voice, like *Skinny Puppy*, in order to create sinister and uneasy feelings in his listeners. No where is this innovative style more evident than on the new 12" by the duo entitled "Too Bad".

"The whole idea behind MC 900 FT JESUS to me is the connection between the practice of religion, especially in America the way it is and especially T.V. evangelism, and the idea of mental infirmity. A more direct inspiration for MC 900 FT JESUS was this big round guy who was standing on the street corner in downtown Dallas just yelling "Jezebel was a church going woman". And he would just say the same thing over and over again, "Jezebel was a church going woman." I went and visited a friend for about an hour in a nearby store and when I

came back down this guy was still saying "Jezebel was a church going woman." So this man probably has a real religious conviction about what he is doing. It is really interesting to me about how religious feeling can be tied in with oddmental states. I won't say that its necessary, I won't say religion is absolutely insane or anything, but I think that a lot of crazy people, and people who seemingly function in society, say like televangelists, can fill the voids in their lives with religion."

"I don't think insanity follows me around but its something that really fascinates me so I tend to notice it more than most people. After writing "Born with Monkey Asses" I went through a great and long period of anguish over the song because I felt I was

I really want to create something that will scare people.

exploiting this person because in the song I use a big long stretch of her voice, and I didn't even bother to alter it at all. So it was kinda like a guilt thing. I mean, well, she wasn't going to make any money off it, let alone the fact that I put her ramblings on a record which I put out all over the world, and now all over the world, just for people to enjoy. And then a couple weeks after I wrote the song a different lady started coming into the record store where I work. She was this crazy woman who would come by two to three times a day every day for about six months. She was a really interesting character but it was difficult to have her around. She would mull around the store and then all of a sudden shout at the top of her lungs, "How'y all doing tonight, we're Cheech and Chong", scaring all the customers. The idea always occurred to me that this was sort of my karmic retribution for stealing this speech."

And like the man himself, MC 900 FT JESUS' name is an unusual creation. Based upon a vision Oral Roberts once had in the Tulsa wastelands of a 900 foot Jesus which commanded him to start up a television and religious community on the spot, the moniker has proven to be controversial. "A lot of people wonder about me since I use Jesus in my name; a lot of people just don't

like it. Oddly enough, I've had more problems with my friends than with the public. You can't really joke about religion; and the name isn't a joke, well, it is but it's a joke on Oral Roberts, it's not directed at actual religion. Most people will get it, but like I say, not even DJ Zero was too keen on my name for a while. I just tried to explain it the best that I could. There is a real possibility that I may get banned from radio because of my name, but that wouldn't bother me so much because the people who would appreciate what I do will still find out about it one way or another."

While MC 900 FT JESUS has shot onto the Canadian college scene, the trip has not been as smooth for DJ ZERO. Better known as Patrick Rollins, DJ ZERO has recently had a problem entering Canada to help record the group's first album, called *Hell With the Lid Off*. It seems that he inadvertently had a receipt for a class "C" misdemeanor fine; and to further annoy the border guards, he did not have \$100 in cash on his person which they interpret as a sign he was coming to Vancouver to work and thereby take income away from loyal free-trade loving Canadians. This threat to Canada has been described as a nice, shy 21-year-old, also from Dallas, who performs in another rap group called *I KNOW WHO*. (It may be interesting to note that MC 900 FT JESUS, a white man, had no problem crossing the border, but DJ ZERO, a black man, did even though both were working on the same project). So, DJ ZERO's visit to Canada was restricted to the Vancouver International Airport before he was made to board the next plane back to Dallas. Luckily this has only caused a slight setback. MC 900 FT JESUS now has to take the masters down to Dallas for DJ ZERO to add his scratches and samples. This delay means the album probably won't come out until October.

And about the new album, "The first thing they will notice is the groove, for a song that's the first thing that has to be there. If the groove is not there I won't fool with it. And then they'll notice that vocally it's very different to what they've heard before; then they'll notice that it was put together by some people with mental problems. I really want to create something that will scare people. This particular album is about a trip through Hell inside your own mind. I'm trying a lot of different ways to convey different aspects and possibilities of that idea."



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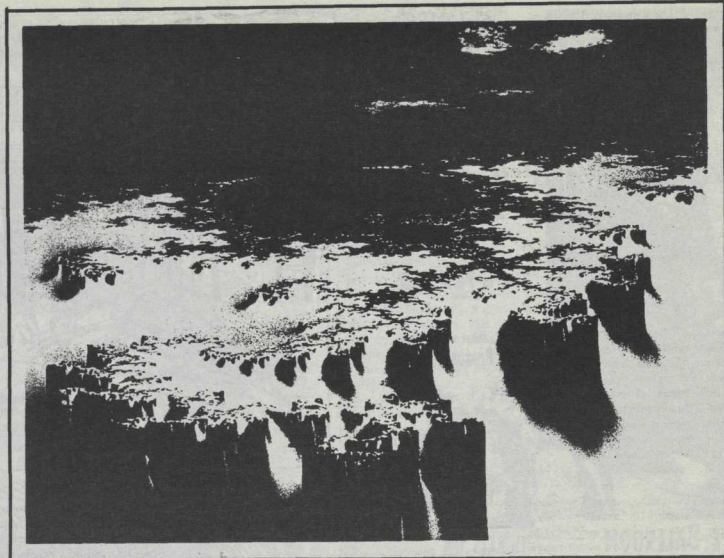
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SEPTEMBER 1989 21



THE NATURE OF CHAOS

by Mike Grigg
and Dave Hauck

HEY YOU! YES, YOU! Are you troubled by the late twentieth century? Are you sick of asbestos pollution, genetic warfare, Muslim fanaticism, the dead Ayatollah? Is the world spiralling obliviously and uncontrollably around you? Then I think it's time you opened your mind to Chaos Theory - sounds somewhat apocalyptic doesn't it. This isn't a story about "chaos" - confusion, anarchy - but of the theory of Chaos with a capital C. It seems rather appropriate that a new abstract, theoretical treatise about our natural and physical world bears the title of "Chaos" in these socially and technologically turbulent times.

Chaos theory, what with its powerfully abstract non-linear mathematical functions and fractional dimensions, is opening the door to discovering many of Nature's complexities. Most simply put, chaos theory claims there is an inherent deterministic disorder within our natural world. Through the use of super computers, something called fractal law, the second law of thermodynamics, the Butterfly Effect, and aperi-

odic non-linear mathematics, new insight into the functioning and cycling of our natural world has been uncovered. Our world is not what it appears to be...

In our natural universe, everything in the cosmos from the smallest quarks, to stars, to galaxies, is governed by the second law of thermodynamics. Everything tends towards disorder; perfect efficiency is impossible. In short, the universe is a

one-way street. Increasing entropy is the natural law of the universe. Entropy breeds complex patterns, randomness and disorder yet even as our universe ebbs towards maximum entropy it still manages to create systems resisting the flux towards chaos. Our planet is one such place where order and disorder have mingled together to create an energy consuming, intricate, unpredictable and fluctuating natural world.

And it is Chaos theory that enables mankind to envision how there can be small pockets of apparently ordered systems - glitches of deterministic disorder - within the entropically expanding universe thus, allowing for non-stochastic planes of reality like our planet.

To better understand Chaos theory we must delve into the abstract reality of theoretical mathematics. Most of us regard our universe as a three-dimensional construct of smooth and simple shapes of classical Euclidean geometry. But is that an accurate representation of reality? Apart from man-made constructs, are cones, spheres and cubes the predominant structural forms in Nature? Clouds are not spheres. Lightning does not travel in a straight line. The universe is comprised of rough, wrinkled and scabrous shapes, not smooth rounded ones. Not everything in the natural world is constructed in such idealistic shapes - they are

inhuman, unNatural. The odd configurations found in Nature convey meaning, they are not abstract forms distorting the classical shapes of Euclidean geometry, but are rather irregular forms that convey a new insight into the essence of our chaotic twentieth century. We must open our minds to this new beauty and forget the engrained idealism of the Greeks, the Platonic harmony, the utopian-like and non-realistic sensibility of the past 2000 years. We must focus on the harmonious arrangement of order and disorder in our natural and imperfect world. Nature did not develop complicated shapes or systems to defy analysis and plague our conscience. The complications have arisen because in the past mankind analyzed Nature with idealistically perfect and unnatural shapes using linear mathematics. We must re-evaluate our analysis of shape and structure in our universe and adopt tools such as Chaos theory, non-linear mathe-

matics and fractal geometry to better comprehend the natural law of the universe.

Non-linear mathematics attempts to quantify things like friction, air resistance, and fluid dynamics, each of which is unpredictable. They are governed by what is termed the Butterfly Effect - a sensitive dependence on initial conditions only. The equations that map these properties are very complex and hard to analyze - mapping their behaviour is like "walking through a maze whose walls rearrange themselves with each step you take." They do not represent reality as a continuum changing smoothly from place to place and time to time but, rather, they have an initial starting point (Butterfly Effect) that soon cycles freely and interacts with the natural forces in our universe to produce an apparently chaotic, random non-deterministic path of "static" as time passes and the effect materializes. In the long term,

there is a determinism to the process - friction will stop a ball from rolling although the path or the manner in which it stops the ball will never be the same twice. Nature - its essence, its soul - is non-linear. The path by which it effects change is chaotic and unpredictable but nonetheless there is a determinism to the chaotic path - the ball stops rolling; randomly moving molecules somehow organize into tissues, organs, organisms. Chaos is ubiquitous, it is stable, it is structured. On the surface it defies explanation but nonetheless a gap is bridged such that in the apparent disorder of the system order appears - a predictable result is produced.

There's spot seen in the atmosphere of Jupiter complies with these laws of chaos. The spot is a self-organizing system created and regulated by the same non-linear twists that create the unpredictable turmoil and shuffling of the atmosphere around it. It is stable chaos. It is a complex system where the ordered spot materializes from the chaos and turbulence that surrounds and inevitably generates it. Linear mathematics misleads us because it cannot even attempt to quantify or explain the deterministic results that arise by the path of chaos. No matter how elaborate linear mathematics gets, what with its Fourier transforms, orthogonal functions and regression techniques to minimize chaos, it inevitably misleads us about our overwhelmingly non-linear world.

A branch of non-linear mathematics using fractional dimensions is uncannily able to analyze and explain many natural phenomena that are irregularly shaped and have no apparently ordered or quantifiable structure. This branch is a new geometry -

Fractal Geometry. This geometry is characterized by a type of shape called a fractal. Fractals are computer-generated images based on non-linear equations with a "chance" element or randomizing factor programmed into their function. Interestingly, these fractal shapes bear uncanny resemblances to natural shapes like clouds, mountains and coastlines. Where traditional geometry breaks down in measuring the irregularities of the real world, fractals have become the new technique for measuring these shapes. These images have shown new light on protein structure, corrosion, prediction of earthquakes, the distribution of galaxies and almost every other aspect of nature that involves some roughness and irregularity. Fractals have some mind-bending properties, though. They are curves of potentially infinite length; they are shapes that look more or less the same on all, or many, scales of magnification; and they have a tendency to lie in between the "normal" one- and three-dimensional spaces of Euclidean geometry. Given these properties, mankind is now better able to depict and understand the shapes that exist in our natural and irregular real world.

Since fractals appear to look the same on many different scales they are considered "self-similar". A coastline, the most obvious fractal in nature, exhibits this notion of self-similarity. Maps of coastlines drawn on different scales all show a similar distribution of bays and inlets. Each bay also has its own smaller bays and inlets ad infinitum. Fractals mimic this natural phenomenon. They are composed of curves of almost infinite length based upon a repetitive shape such that the closer you look at the



image the more detail of the same type you observe. This notion of self-similarity lets the observer see a sort of order in the apparent chaos of the fractal shape. It also lets the observer quantify the roughness and irregularity of the shape and give it a numerical value

tion stopping a ball from rolling, heat convection) while very complex systems for traditional Euclidean analysis may yet obey simple laws (the self-similarity of coastlines and clouds observed on different scales of magnification). We must re-work our in-

We must open our minds...and forget ...the utopian-like and non-realistic sensibility of the past 2000 years.

- its fractal dimension.

Fractal dimensions map the irregularity of the shape by quantifying the efficiency of the object to fill space. For instance, a map of the coastline of British Columbia has about 1.2 dimensions. Remember that a point has zero dimensions, a line one dimension, a surface two dimensions and a cube three dimensions. Something with more than two but less than three fractal dimensions is better at filling space than an ordinary two-dimensional object (such as a piece of paper) but is not as good as a three-dimensional one (like a box). For instance, a crumpled piece of paper no longer lies in a two-dimensional plane, it occupies some three-dimensional space so that it is better at filling space than a flat piece of paper. The crumpled object then has a fractal dimension of about 2.5. The more crumpled the paper becomes, the less air space there is to be trapped by the packed down paper and thus the closer it approximates a solid shape of three dimensions.

Chaos theory has shown that simple, deterministic systems can breed immense complexity upon analysis (fric-

herent misconception of a complex natural world; open our minds to new ways of thinking outside of the traditional scientific laws that have shackled and locked our understanding into mistaking the reality of fractional dimensions from providing mankind with new insight into the way our real world functions and sustains us. Blood vessels appear to branch in a fractal way. Our own urinary collecting system, the biliary duct in our livers and the timing of our heartbeats all follow the fractal laws of Chaos theory. Chaos theory allows simple systems to interact over and over again to produce complex, branching structures that underlyingly appear disordered but have deterministic functions. For instance, DNA is the blueprint of all living organisms on this planet. It provides the simple sequences that get transcribed and translated over and over again so that its products then combine in apparently random, non-linear and complex ways (of a natural organization governed by the laws of nature) to develop into the ordered, organic life of our planet. Such a process suits nature's purpose. It allows for great diversity, great complexity and a min-

gling of order and disorder in our universe that is guarded by the absolute law of maximizing entropy.

At this point, some may be saying (if you get this far in the article!) - "So what! Euclidean geometry and its perfect, idealistic shapes and dimensions suit me just fine. Why should I need to know that the coastline of B.C. has a fractional dimension of 1.2." Most of us will probably never need to know. But is that the attitude that has brought humanity so far in its quest for understanding and enlightenment? We are conscious beings, capable of imagining ourselves in a future; we have a free will, a natural curiosity and inquisitiveness that continually makes us grapple with the unknown. We ask BIG QUESTIONS, imagine what death is like and how to better understand our world. Chaos theory opens up a new avenue to understanding some of the complexities of our natural world that Euclid could never imagine. We have always known that our world has contained unknowns. We now have been rudely awakened to discover that our world is not the place we have believed it to be. Chaos and disorder lurks everywhere. We have been living in an artificial reality that does not comply with the natural order and disorder of things in the universe. We are but a glitch of deterministic disorder in our universe.

It has been shown that the electrical impulses and waves of energy in our brains follow fractal laws. Even our conscience is composed of an underlying disorder mingled with ordered, rational thoughts and observations. Does Chaos theory then provide a possible explanation for the spontaneity and irrationality of our thoughts and behavior? Could this be where emotions and passions stem from? Apart from our logical conscience, could it be the erratic, non-deterministic essence of our unpredictable subconscious that perverts our structured, ordered sensibilities? Remember, we are governed by the natural laws of the universe. We human beings often behave in stochastic, chaotic ways as we deal with the inter-mingling of disorder and irrationality with order and rationality. We are governed by the same flux of laws within the universe just like every other molecule, object and subatomic particle.

Will Chaos theory unravel the mysteries of the universe? Perhaps. But if not, there will be other theories that will plague the human conscience as humanity continually attempts to extract order from a universe tending towards disorder.

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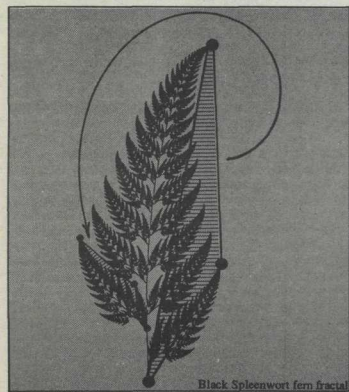
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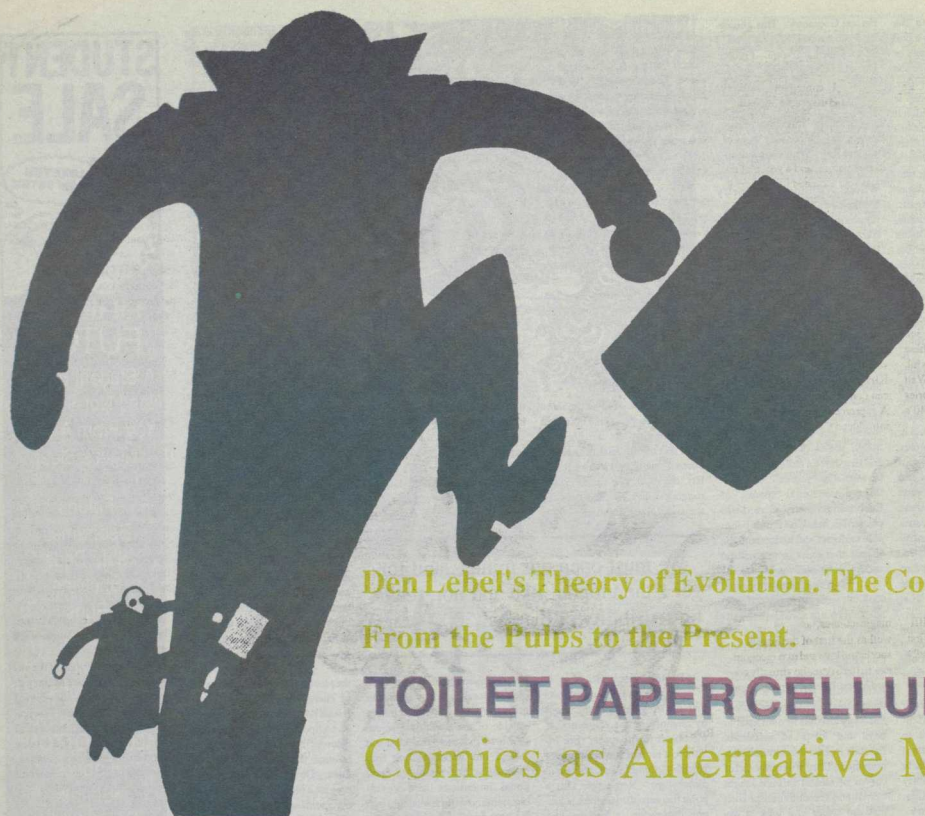
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Den Lebel's Theory of Evolution. The Comicbook:
From the Pulp to the Present.

TOILET PAPER CELLULOID: Comics as Alternative Media

One of the wonderful things about the collapse of our western industrial economy is that we can finally appreciate the depression era as the true golden age of our popular culture. During the Thirties everyone was engaged in a truly heroic struggle - the struggle to survive. The popular culture of that era defined a fundamental optimism of a society in decline. Yet, while the authentic folk culture of the time did celebrate the struggle and hardship of the people, it was overshadowed by the racist class entrenching dogma of the popular cinema. This double-sided relationship of popular and folk culture also manifested itself in the paradoxical views of self-righteousness and self-indulgence of the Sixties so fondly recalled by the middle agers of the first media fed generation.

Small press in general relates more directly to the comic strips and ethnic recordings of the Thirties than to any of the counter-culture gestures and artifacts of the Sixties. The peculiar pop/folk sensibility of that generation and their economic security make their culture completely alien to our current sensibility and awareness. From the viewpoint of our current sobriety, the vastly exaggerated demographic proportions and purchase power of the notorious post war boom generation now seems like the distasteful indulgence of a privileged class. Thus, as young

artists defining a new culture and our own means of survival, we are better served by the example of the pre-war generation than that of the post-war generation.

Comics were the first authentic youth culture of the western industrial society. They reflect the ability of the youth culture to assimilate and imitate the popular culture their parents passively consume. They have always maintained, through their relatively short history, a key role in the development of a youth culture; generally being produced by people only a few years older

than their target audience, often producing for an audience of peers. Comics are extremely interesting as an aspect of small press because of the unique support system of distribution they have developed. Yet, to fully utilize the potential of this system we must also be sensitive to its limitations, though not necessarily confined by them. So as any publishing enterprise requires a long term perspective, a brief history of the development of comics may put the current situation into context.

The earliest comic

books went into mass distribution in the mid-thirties simply reprinting selections of the hugely popular newspaper comic strips. The newspaper strips played a major role in the rapid growth of the mass media newspaper empire of Randolph Hearst. The newspaper syndicates which distributed the comic strips to the major newspapers represented a very slick and fiercely competitive adult market of a very wealthy business. The comic book diverged into a new independent youth culture market when two teen-agers, saturated in the new science fiction

pulp literature of the era, created the first authentic youth culture icon of the twentieth century - the man of tomorrow, the *Superman*. The original *Superman* comic strip is of special interest from our contemporary viewpoint because it had been considered both too crudely drawn and too "far out" a concept to be bought by the newspaper syndicates. Segal and Shuster had tried to sell *Superman* to every news syndicate and had been repeatedly turned down. Even when they found their way to the offices of the newly formed comic book publishing house run

by M.C. Gaines (who would become the first mogul of comics) they were met by the same puzzled indifference. However, because it was a small and as yet undefined organization, Gaines took notice when a young office boy named Sheldon Mayer (later an important cartoonist and editor) saw the strip and practically wet his pants with excitement. Gaines recognized that there was something profoundly stimulating in the concept of *Superman*, visible only to the sensibility of the youth that produced it. So he bought it, and thus was born an empire.

Superman began a cultural dialogue that is still under way. Excited by the outbreak of war, the super-hero comic books of the Forties created a powerful child's view of the greatest political upheaval of 20th century, at the same time reflecting an unshakable optimism and a compelling humanism that is uniquely modern.

The development of television and rock and roll in the 1950's diverted the interest of that generation from seriously exploring comic books as a means of expression. Thus, the comic book industry at that time was dominated by a large corporate enterprise that adapted motion pictures, Disney characters and Tarzan into comics. All of these comics were hugely successful, with Carl Barks's fabled Walt Disney's Comics and Stories eventually breaking the 1940's one-million plus record of Superman and Captain Marvel. But it was a group of middle aged Jewish radicals - under the publishing leadership of the son of M.C. Gaines - that created the first youth culture critique of American popular culture, Mad Magazine. It is difficult for us to realize, without first hand experience of the profoundly repressive culture of the Fifties, how revolutionary and influential a force Mad comics really were. Initially, as a comic book, Mad systematically and brilliantly parodied every major comic strip, hilariously illuminating their pre-war and pre-adolescent sensibilities. Expanding to a magazine format and broadening their satire to the full scope of the media culture, Mad played an important role as a forum for the new aware-

ness of the post-war America. As satire was the only safe form of social protest during the political inquisitions of the Fifties, many established comedians rallied around Mad magazine, including the legendary innovator Ernie Kovacs and the comedy team of Bob and Ray. With contributors of this stature, and a group of the most sophisticated illustrators in the magazine market, Mad Magazine was - in its prime - an astonishingly vital and intelligent "children's magazine."

The early Sixties marked the explosive return of the super-hero to American comics, this time strongly influenced by the science fiction and horror comics of the Fifties. The heart and soul of the super-hero revival was the chaotic genius of Jack Kirby, a central figure in American comics from the beginning. A supreme innovator, Kirby had introduced Captain America and a host of other costumed characters during the Forties, and produced some of the first war com-

Star Wars in a few short years. A quick reading of Kirby's unfinished four comic series masterpiece, "Fourth World", reveals him as the primary "source" of inspiration for Lucas' stellar epic, Star Wars (along with Akira Kurosawa and Howie Chaykin.)

While back in the youth culture, the rise of the alternative or underground press in the Sixties also saw the rise of the underground comic strip. In an echo of the original developments of comics, the underground press comic strips led to underground comic books. Yet, as these cartoonists were working alongside the older cartoonists involved in the super-hero revival, the underground cartoonists themselves had

drug culture paraphernalia. Therefore, they enjoyed a very effective form of distribution for the very short time until the "dope craze" ran its course and head shops went the way of the hula hoop. This is a very strange culture we live in.

With the demise of ineffective means of mass distribution, and no small art

boy/philosopher. That is: with the acceptance of comics into the new art and culture community of the major metropolitan centers, Raw promotes a style that is nearly impossible to successfully emulate. The Raw alumni rode the wave of new figurative image making of the Eighties, spreading the contemporary New York style to the urban centers around the world. And whereas the major urban centers have a large enough arts community to support a wide range of underground style publications, Vancouver doesn't. Even an excellent magazine from New York - that draws on the same artists as Raw itself - called Picture Story cannot develop any significant distribution.

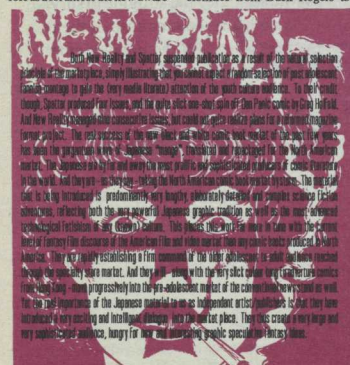
Yet, we must start somewhere; which is what a loosely associated group of local cartoonists did with a magazine called New Reality. Small press for comics means xerox printed, digest format 8 1/2 x 11 paper folded in half and stapled with a card stock cover (optional). There is a mail order distribution system for small press comics, but it is largely a practice of fans trading

tor. Thus, when you send your information and/or xerox copy of your comic to the couple dozen distributors, they in turn include your information in their order form packages they send their retailers. The retailers speculate how many they want and order accordingly, then the distributor compiles these orders and sends you a purchase order based on these and their own speculations. So with purchase order in hand you take your comic to your printer and either use your purchase order to defer payment for three months until the distributor pays you, or get a short term loan - and away you go. Both New Reality and Spatter rode a trend in new anthology comics that developed around the world, growing from small press digests to widely distributed magazines; Casual from Toronto, Fox from Australia, Escape from England and Prime Cuts and Centrifugal Bubble Puppy from the States are the major examples. Yet, all of these, like the internationally successful and very well distributed Heavy Metal before them, did not do well in the specialty shop market. The fact is, comic book stores sell comic books, not magazines, and not digests. With the tremendous success of the b&w independent comic parody Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, distributors were willing to speculate on new projects, but in the end none of the anthologies - or Turtle, Mutant or Ninja imitations - developed enough of an audience to survive.

The most successful series to evolve out of the b&w market in the past few years is, not surprisingly, a comicbook adaptation of the movie Alien. The moral of this story is: the more things change, the more they stay the same. The youth market enjoys the most outrageous science fiction adventure material available; why comic book publishers fail to realize this is the traditional bewilderment of the middle age businessman.

With the current system, any cartoonist can develop, produce, distribute and own their material. This has never before been possible, and as yet has not been fully explored. The most interesting aspect of the role of a comic book series as a youth culture medium is the rapid development of the audience's sophistication. An adolescent audience very shortly matures to an adult audience; the most exciting comics have always developed with their audience from imaginative diversions to arduous discussions of social mythology.

So hang ten boy wonder, because it's a b&w world...



Mad comics. Robert Crumb's naturalist epic of the sexual revolution, Fritz the Cat, directly addressed the monumental synchro-nous pubescence of the post-war media generation in the most appropriate and accessible means imaginable. Crumb led an explosion of whimsical and irreverent discourse on the relative merits of sex and/or drugs that found its way to an unprecedented vast audience homey for media to call its own. The flaw that was to undermine the long term success of the underground comics movement was its dependence on the development of what we nostalgically recall as the drug culture. The "adult" nature of the underground comics made them unsuitable for any conventional network of magazine distribution, thus they became included in the ranks of

o f police harassment (obscenity and all), by the end of the Seventies the underground had declined to little more than a mail order business dealing almost entirely in reprints. But in the end, the more realistic among them simply learned to survive. Crumb's Weirder and Art Spiegelman's Raw continued their own personal artistic and editorial development. Only the strong and the brave learn to survive - and it takes a few years. For those of us who don't have twenty years of experience under our belts, there are some other avenues of exploitation. Raw represents the challenging dilemma facing the postmodern/alternative/underground/artist/cartoonist/play-

com-i c amongst themselves. Locally, it is possible to distribute a couple hundred comics but it's a lot of leg work and in the end it doesn't quite pay printing and mailing costs. The break through for New Reality and Spatter, a slicker magazine produced at the same time, was connecting up with distributors who sell comics exclusively to comic book specialty shops. This brought New Reality's print run to a staggering 5-6 hundred copies. (Kinda makes you feel light headed, doesn't it?) While Spatter enjoyed a print run of a few thousand copies. The real beauty of this system is that, unlike a conventional news stand, a comic book specialty store buys their comics outright and does not have the option of returning any unsold merchandise to the distribu-

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B E A T - M I X

BDP at the PNE - Vancouver's first real rap/hip-hop show in years. August 22nd, Boogie Down Productions - KRS-ONE (the head guy, the rapper whose name stands for Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone or Chris One) and DJ D-Nice, joined on three songs by rapper Miss Melody on three songs from the South South Bronx in New York City. The PNE Aquastage was absolutely jammed with people well over half an hour before the show was supposed to start in anticipation of a show that would not let them down. Although I am not particularly fond of these guys on record I found KRS-ONE's sparse, direct and highly unpretentious style came across very powerfully in the live setting. A lot more so than I thought it would. Though the sound was not the best he purposefully kept the mix so one could fully understand the lyrics and with KRS-ONE the lyrics are not the usual "I'm the best, with the biggest" type stuff. The highlight for me was a song from his new album "You Must Learn" which he dedicated to the Board of Education "cause they aren't teaching us anything anyways." The song was about learning history that isn't taught to you in regular schools; learning about black people who have contributed to culture and science but aren't taught about because of racism. A great show which hopefully the success of which, and the assured success of the Ice-T show, will convince promoters in town to bring in more hip-hop and rap shows.

CiTR's own Pat Mullan talked to KRS-ONE after the show and hopefully you'll be reading about that conversation in this fine paper next month.

IN YOUR FACE: My favorite hip-hop record of the moment is a record called **Monsoon** by the **Black Radical Mark II**. It's produced by **COLD CUT** and uses the bass and drum patterns from **Fat, Party and Bullshit** off the great **What's That Noise LP**. Very English, very fast, very political and very danceable with some great scratching effects. I haven't seen this record anywhere here, I got it in Toronto, but it's definitely worth looking for. **Can't Stop The Airplay** is a really low-down gritty cut off the **Dynamic Guvner's** 6 song ep. Making liberal use of the **Chuck D** 'suckers never play me' sample, it's another indictment of black radio for not playing any real hardcore rap. There is a super funky new remix by **Simon Harris** of **EPMD's** **I'm Housin' on The Mixdown - Part 1** Compilation on **Sleeping Bag Records**.

In the Domestic Release Department the new **Young MC 12" Bust A Move** is out in Canada. Though the A-side is the main cut I originally bought this for the B-side **Got More Rhymes** which has a slow, slinky, sensual groove unlike a lot of other stuff and, as someone else pointed out, the only rap song he's ever heard to use Canada in the lyrics. **Young MC** is no doubt a very good rapper with good **DJs** behind him and could vary well be the next "big thing". Also sure to be a big thing is the new **Beastie Boys LP** finally out on Capitol. The reason for the long delay was the supposedly nasty split between the boys and the **Rick Rubin/Def Jam** crew. Though I haven't heard the album yet I can highly recommend the first release, the **Love American Style EP**. Forget the A-side though and go straight to the B-side which has instrumental versions of the two A-side songs only titled differently. The **Beasties** are hooked up with some guys named the **Dust Brothers** who apparently are responsible for **Tone-Loc** though I don't see any resemblance here to his work. At any rate, these two instrumentals are absolute killer psychedelic hip-hop/funk groove things with so many scratches, samples, noises and just general weirdness constantly flying in and out of the mix that it'll make your head, and feet, spin!

The new **Public Enemy** single from the Spike Lee movie, **Do The Right Thing** is out domestic and it's totally amazing. It's impossible to say enough about how great this record is. The completely inventive use of sound and samples combined with the most original and fiercest rapping styles ever make this record a classic. These guys never cease to amaze! **Do The Right Thing** is also the title of a new single by **Redhead Kingpin** and the **FBI**. This song was supposed to be the movie's title song but for some reason couldn't be. One of the better rap things I've heard in awhile. There is also a re-mix by **Jazzie B** and **Nellee Hooper** from **Soul II Soul**. I like the U.S. Street Mix the best.

Well, that's it for now, more next month. Don't forget your favorite radio station, CiTR, presents George Clinton at 86 Street on the 3rd of September.

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THE KNIGHT AFTER

Plangent, Plank, Plant...

A Story by Brian Hohm

Heidi's kid sleeps on the cushions behind the two dwarf orange trees in front of the south-facing balcony window. It is a temporary arrangement. When Heidi and her kid were evicted it only seemed fair that he should offer the two of them a place to stay. He, after all, had spent more than a few nights at their apartment.

So Heidi and her kid have moved into his one bedroom flat in Inglewood, the kid sleeping on cushions in the living room and Heidi sharing his bed. Waking in the morning he and Heidi embrace—that's when he smells the angel food cake—and then she goes to the bathroom to shower. He puts on his Canada Post uniform and tends to his plants in the living room. He sprays them from a distilled water bottle and then measures and dumps capfuls of plant food into the various pots and planters. He works quickly and silently, not because Heidi's kid lays sleeping at his feet, but because he has always worked on his plants that way.

Heidi emerges from the bathroom perfumed and dressed like a librarian, which she is. She goes to her kid to wake it and get it ready for school. Meanwhile he cleans the small table by the kitchenette and puts out some cereal bowls. He makes some toast and cuts some oranges into quarters, then he sits at the table and starts eating. After a few minutes Heidi and her kid, now dressed for kindergarten, join him. She seats the kid between herself and him and then he smells the kid.

Heidi's kid smells like a waxy fart. It does not bother him that much. Everyone smells of something. Heidi herself smells like angel food cake. It's not the Hudson's Bay bought perfume that she puts on after she showers. In the morning when they embrace the perfume is gone and he can smell her actual essence. She smells like the angel food cake he ate at a small wedding reception for one of his fellow letter carriers: like egg whites and vanilla and icing sugar. But Heidi's kid smells like a waxy fart, actually candle wax and a cat's fart. He wouldn't call it a bad smell, just as he wouldn't describe Heidi's slightly cloying smell as a good one.

"Oreo," says the kid over breakfast. "Oreo, oregano, Oregon, organ." When Heidi first introduced him to her kid she explained that she liked to read to the kid before it fell asleep.

"Let me guess," he said. "All you had handy to read it was a dictionary."

"Correct," she said. "And for the last time Kyle is a he and not an it."

"Organic, organism, orgasm, organization," says the kid.

He sighs and remembers the previous morning when she mentioned that it would be nice if they were in a house. He could keep all his plants in the basement, she said. He replied there wouldn't be any natural light in the basement.

"Orgy, orient, orifice, origin," says the kid. A minute passes then he says, "Your kid smells."

"What?" she says.

"I don't mean he stinks or anything. He just — smells."

"Smells? How do you mean?"

"It's not really a bad smell. Kind of like candle wax and"

"And?"

"And a cat's fart."

"A cat's fart?"

"It's not a bad smell, really."

"And what about me. Do I smell too?"

"Well, yes."

"Like what?"

"Angel Food wedding cake."

"Perhaps I should mention that you smell."

"Smell — me? Really? Like what?"

"Kind of musky."

"Musk? Really? What kind of musk? Could you describe it more?"

Heidi looks over at the clock above the stove.

"We're going to be late," she says.

"Musk," he says.

"Oriole," says the kid. "Oriole, Orion, ornament."

She cleans off the breakfast table and rinses

the dishes. He goes to his plants, adjusting their position in front of the window to take full advantage of the rising sun.

At half past seven the three of them leave the apartment.

"Mamba," says the kid. "Mamba, mambo, mamma."

Before they separate on the walk in front of the building Heidi reaches and pulls his arm. It's a clear day and she squints into the light from the southeast as she tries to look him in the face.

"Eric, I know what you're thinking," she says. "You think that I'm thinking that we'd make a nice family."

"How do you mean?" he says.

"I mean the three of us," she says. "Somebody looking at us would think we were a family. You in your uniform off to the post office, and me off to the library, and my son off to school, the three of us. What a family we'd make. Well, I want you to know I'm not thinking that. I'm not thinking that at all."

"Mammal, mammary, mammoth," says the kid.

"I never said I thought you were thinking that," he says. He walks off toward his room.

"Man," the voice of the kid trails off behind him, "Man, manacle, manage, mangle."

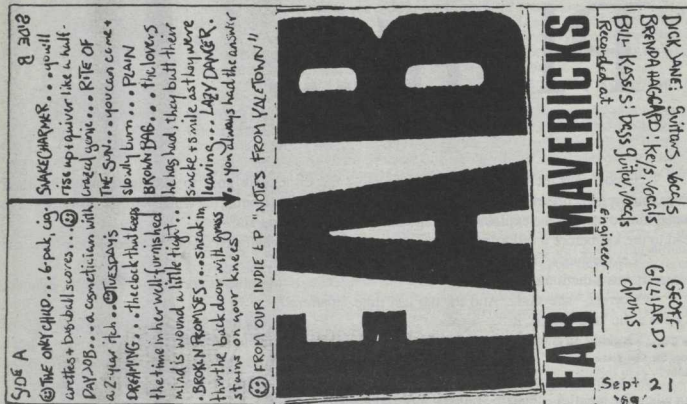
The morning after they move out he tends to his plants. He works quickly and silently, spraying and wiping the leaves of a large rubber plant and then rearranging the various pots and planters, placing several smaller plants in the space in between the two dwarf orange trees.

Over breakfast he says, "Soliloquy." "Soliloquy, solitaire, solo." He sniffs the air and smells nothing. He puts his hands up to his face and sniffs. Nothing.

"Sore," he says. "Sore, sorrow, sorry, sort."

He puts his nose to his wrist, then his elbow, then bends to get his nose to his armpit. He smells nothing.

TAPE-A-MANIA



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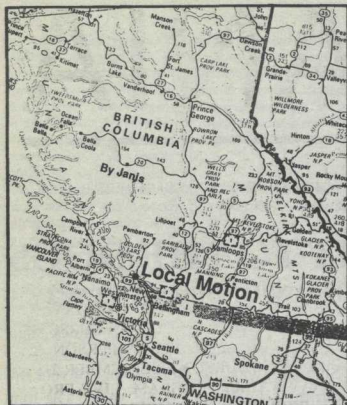
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As far as I'm concerned, the most significant event in local music this summer's been the long-awaited reappearance of ©, opening for Tankhog (vehicle for another former Slow member, Stephen Hamm) at the Arts Club August 4th and 5th. Both the audience and © were subdued the night I saw them—one anonymous person in the crowd said it was like watching his grandfather trying to play basketball, while according to Tom it was the deadest audience he'd ever seen. (Not that the Arts Club tends to bring out a lot of action—for one thing, there's not a lot of room for anyone to move.) This humble columnist, however, is as overwhelmed by the combined talents of Tom Anselmi and Christian Christian as ever: their songwriting is powerful and like no one else's, Chris can sure play guitar (the same one too, with the lucky rabbit's foot), and Tom (even if you don't take the major label deal into consideration) is obviously getting closer by the minute to rock star(god?)dom. While Slow used to make me feel like I was in the presence of greatness, © gives the impression it may even make money at it....

© has been practicing, and writing, with their current lineup (Eric Marxson on bass and Pete Bourne on drums) almost since Slow broke up back in '87

or so, and maybe this was part of Tankhog's disadvantage that Friday at the Arts Club—in spite of having a lot of energy and loudness and a singer that climbs all over stuff, they don't seem to have developed a unique sound yet. Local Motion's still waiting for a tape from them, though, so stay tuned.

Far from the world of Vancouver super groups...my own band, the Touch & Gos, got the chance to open at 64 Funny Cars' record release party/bake sale at Victoria's wonderful Harpo's August 17th. Unfortunately a setback with the pressing plant meant the LP (produced by Poplarna guru Conrad Uno) wasn't ready in time, but the baked goods themselves and music supplied by the Funny Cars and recently-turned-Vancouverites Wardells were big hits with the Victoria locals and National Campus/Community Radio Conference delegates.

And on the way out to the ferry in guitarist Dave's turquoise '62 Falcon station wagon, most of the T&Gs listened to the following demos:

Love Weasels—"Mary's Boat." Cara the Rhythm Queen was reminded of Spirit of the West, while Dave thought this would make nice background music for

a dinner at a Greek restaurant. "Mary's Boat" is neither offensive or very exciting, and probably not the best song on the tape, either.

Last Corvairs—"Girl Next Door." Cara said the vocals are Elvish Costello-ish—in a way this fits in with my impression that the Last Corvairs are still fishing for a sound. Although I have no doubt that they're sincere, I can't help feeling as if this is a basically Top 40 band trying to play "alternative" pop without a clear vision of what that may be.

High Lonesome—"One Tree Island." From Toronto, of all places, this is true American roots music, complete with primitive and cheesy reverb on the vocals and a fiddle riff that makes the whole song. Not the usual CITR fare. Really nice.

The Purple Gang—"All My Love." The first I've heard of these guys, who I'm assuming are from Vancouver. For once I think the vocals should be lower in the mix; general consensus in the car was that there's no hook here, or, for that matter, much originality.

Compromise—"Skywired." Maybe there's a hip crowd in TO so far ahead of us in the West that this is completely beyond my understanding. This combination of trombone and sax isn't unlike those whales-and-passing-ships records of the seventies....

Ultramarine—"We Are." While Ultramarine's never been the sort of band I've gone crazy over, they've usually given CITR nice sounding demos. But the production here is odd and bassless, and the vocals could be emerging from a cult somewhere. Not the best we've heard from Blair Petrie and co.

Small Man Syndrome—"Silence." The Smiths-y (read monotonous) style dates the sound. Repetitive.

Soreheads—"Rock and Roll Sex Machine." After a long break, the Soreheads have recently started playing around town again, and this is their first demo for quite some time. Dave and Cara said the previous song on this tape was a lot like Andrew Cash; as for this one, the Rhythm Queen thought it would benefit from the use of a metronome. As for me, I'd rather listen to the Soreheads' alter-ego of some years back, Skinny Yuppie. But maybe that's just the eternal curse of anyone who's ever played in a fuck band....

go for Soda!

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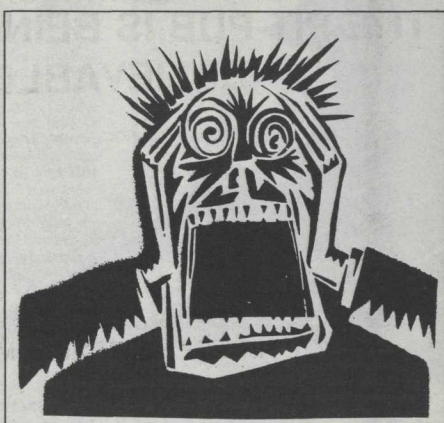
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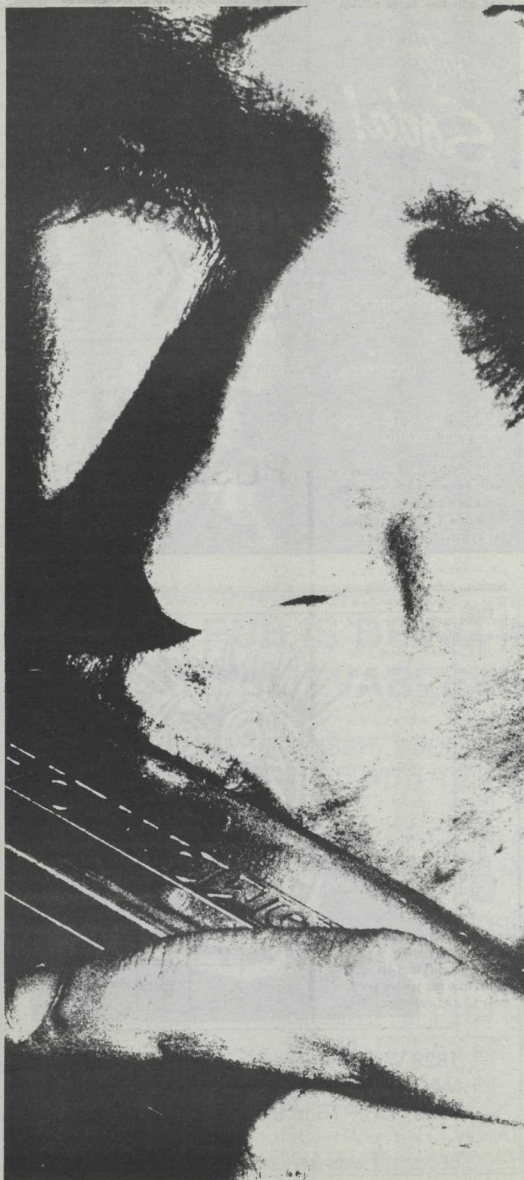
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THROW IT TO THE DOGS

Troublemaking with Stan Ridgway

by Kevin Smith

It's been awhile. Stan Ridgway, the Rod Serling of rock 'n' roll, has been absent from the scene for a couple years. The man whose distinctive rasp and cinematic songs first came to our attention through his time spent as vocalist for Wall of Voodoo has finally emerged after a lengthy legal limbo. After a self-titled ep (1980), and the Dark Continent (1981) and Call of the West (1982) lps, all on I.R.S., Ridgway left the Voodoos in 1983. He then collaborated with Stewart Copeland on the Rumblefish soundtrack signature tune, Don't Box Me In. It was not until 1986 when the first solo lp would appear. This release, *The Big Heat*, signified the further development of a unique artist. *Camouflage*, the album's lengthy and bizarre single, went Top 5 in England. Stan's popularity was on the rise around the world. Success, success, success. But then problems with I.R.S. which meant nothing doing for nearly three years. Eventually reborn on Geffen Records, Ridgway now has his second lp, *Mosquitos*, out, picking up right where he left off. More wonderful strangeness. Recently, performing in front of a packed Town Pump, Stan put on one of this year's better shows. *Discorder* spoke to the man himself prior to the concert.

CAMOUFLAGE

I almost didn't put it on the album because it was just so 'out there.' I like the song but I thought maybe I'd save it for some other recording. I thought it was going to be too long. I tried to cut it down but there was no way. I was really in love with the song and I couldn't cut it down in any way. I put it on, and that was the one that happened. One always hopes; you make what you have and throw it to the dogs.

TIME OFF

I certainly didn't plan it that way. Sometimes my life seems like lots of fits and starts, especially my professional musical 'career'. I found myself between a rock and a

hard place when I got back from Europe with the *Big Heat* record. I.R.S. records was going through a period of, I would say, 'aesthetic reorganization', - I'm trying to be diplomatic. I just didn't feel very welcome there. So I wanted to leave and they said go ahead and leave. But then they kind of made it hard for me to leave and I had to sit around in legal limbo for awhile. It wasn't fun. It was horrible.

SONGWRITING

My writing style comes from a lot of things I've listened to. I equate good songwriting with good storytelling. There's all kinds of ways to do it. The thing that probably motivates me the most is anger or irrita-

tion. Or revenge or violence. My biggest motivation is that most of what I see musically is kind of irritating for me - in the popular music media. I'm a bit of a reactionary that way. I feel I've got to make something of my own; that I'm inventing something of my own to pass the time. Something I can throw back so I don't feel like I'm victimized by it all. In an odd way, in a reverse inspiration, Madonna is probably a real inspiration for me. If I don't do that then I lose my equilibrium completely and I feel like a pair of good for nothing arms and legs.

INTERVIEWS

Articles, even you and I talking now....I'm sure this is

going to be with any perceived skill that you might have in putting together words and interviews - things get lost. So I don't know. I always figure it's a toss up whether anything I say is actually going to be interpreted in a way that is really me; my friends know me, and people close to me know me. But you're never going to get to know someone by reading some rock 'n' roll rag. A lot of times these exchanges are really absurd. I really wonder who wants to be interviewed. If you really want to be interviewed then you've got to be some kind of egomaniac. Sometimes it's like going to the dentist's office and getting your teeth pulled when you really don't need any bridge work.

TROUBLEMAKING

Music to me is troublemaking. I don't have any fun unless I make some trouble. I don't mean it's not entertainment. I seem to have a split in myself. One side of me is an entertainer, the other side of me doesn't want to only entertain. I'm also a little wary of saying I want to enlighten. It seems to me like, enlighten, is it really worthwhile? Enlighten who? Music and songwriting is something I do, primarily, first for me. If someone else likes it I think that's a real plus because the whole act of communication is an

exchange which is an important thing human beings do. But there's a part of me that wants to make the exchange a bit more...compelling. So I try to make things that are interesting for me to hang my lungs on.

THE MESSAGE AND NATALIE MERCHANT

People say, "Well, what's the

"Music to me is troublemaking. I don't have fun unless I make some trouble."

message, man?" In this day and age I'm so damned tired of messages. The trend now is to write songs about subjects no one can really argue with. I think of 10,000 Maniacs. Poor Natalie Merchant, lives out in some small town someplace and she looks around and sees a very cruel world. Well, wake up junior. That kind of songwriting, to me, is very dull. It's not about the real world. It's like she's spent her whole life writing Hallmark cards. I don't think she's really that

well, either. She reminds me of some nun or something.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

What you see more nowadays is that multi-national corporations take the word rock 'n' roll and sell it as something that means, basically: I WANT MINE, AND LIFE IS GOOD. LIFE IS GOOD AND I WANT MINE SO LET'S ALL HAVE A PARTY, MAN. What does it mean to 'party'? I don't know what any of this means. Sometimes I feel like I'm from another planet or something. Like 'party down'. The Spuds McKenzie kind of mentality. I'm not sure if it's just from eight years of the actor or it's really that somewhere along the line people just got greedy; with themselves, with their possessions and with everything else.

American radio is so busy adding The Doobie Brothers to their playlist it's sick. It's out of control. There's no more confusion. Record companies pretty much know exactly what they want to sign; what can make money and what they won't make money on. I really applaud something like Tone-Loc. I think that's great. A guy making a four track recording in Mad Dyke's bedroom. There are still radio stations out there, like KROQ in L.A., that will play new things. So that record goes on

and sells how many million records. It shakes it up a little bit for the record company people.

MISADVENTURES

I got through the record and I thought most of the people on this record seemed to be kind of squashed up against the windshield. And I liked the sound of it. I also liked what it did when I told the record company that was the tide. They seemed to shutter a little bit and stare blankly out the window. I thought that was kind of a good response.

I think someone at the record company wanted to call the record Love Is All There Is but that sounded pretty spooky to me.

WALL OF WOOD AND LOGICAL PROGRESSION

The whole word 'logical progression'...I'm not really sure if that's not a critical term. And I'm not a critic so I don't really know if it (my work) is or not, or if I really care if it is. Whenever I start something I'm trying to think from a space of beginning anew. Anything you do - a song - is never really finished. You just abandon it. That anxiety of never really finishing anything is what most songwriters, or people who create things, work from. A kind of anxiety that keeps you writing because you're never really done. I'm never really done with what I'm trying to achieve. There's a certain kind of drive in me that feels that I've never really gotten what I wanted. So I keep doing it, hoping that I'll get there. If I was completely satisfied and I thought I was on a level of 'logical progression' I'd probably be so damned bored I'd just give it up.

To me it's a far more chaotic affair. And the chaos around me is really what I throw myself into. It may sound trite but you've got to make a friend with chaos. Then you work from that. That's where ideas come from. I'm not the type of songwriter who get's up at 8:30 in the morning and sharpens my pencils, goes to my desk, and says, "I'm a songwriter now and I'm going to make some songs." I don't really do it that way. When it comes, I do it and when it doesn't, I do something else.

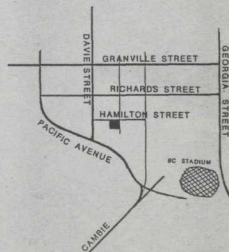
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SHUFFLE DEMONS/JAZZ-MANIAN DEVILS
The Commodore, July 29

From the Hockey Night in Canada theme to their own hit *Get Outta My House* Roach, Toronto's *Shuffle Demons* have successfully made jazz accessible to the masses without denying their skill. Weaving their way through the already clapping crowd, they heaved on their horns and chanted an introduction: "We are the Shuffle Demons, we intend to do some screamin'". They did their people-pleasin' screamin', but they also played non-lyrical jazz-sax-combo pieces that even the most serious jazz aficionado could appreciate.

Vancouver's own *Jazzmanian Devils*, the self-proclaimed 'Gangsters of Swing', were a perfect opening act as they too wrap quality jazz into an 'impossible-not-to-dance-to' package. The Devils have a more complex jazz sound than the Demons though, as the JDs use more percussion, guitar and feature ex-Mo'ev/Family Plot singer Madeline Morris.

It was the perfect combination of jazz-pop held in the perfect venue for non-stop dancing.

Warren Whyte

TOXIC REASONS/JOT
Club Soda, July 30

The two hardcore prides of Indianapolis blew through town and left their mark on those lucky enough to have caught this Sunday night event. Obviously influenced by the headline act, Jot performed energetic, straight-ahead hardcore that was good but lacking in experience. They will become tighter and their sound will develop as time goes on, though. *Toxic Rea-*

sons, however, were incredible. A tight, quality sound performed fast and hard combined with a uniform intensity by all four members gave them the on stage appearance of the veteran punk rockers that they are. Their songs are filled with themes of war, racism and fascism, but even without knowing this a TR show gives one reason to live.

Warren Whyte

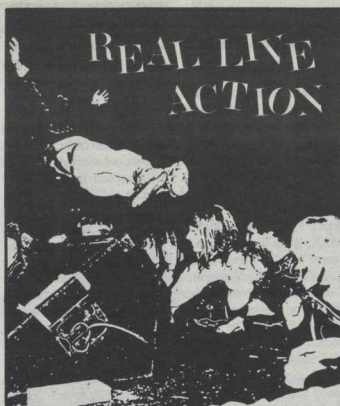
NOMEANSNOMEANSNO
Youth Art Works, August 12
Rock Against Prisons, Crab Park, August 13

NoMeansNo deserves to be thanked and commended for crossing the strait for this politically and socially conscious double bill.

At their first-ever North Shore visit, they performed some first-ever songs that will be released on an album in the near future. It's *Catching Up and End of All Things* are examples. For the latter song bassist Rob Wright and guitarist Andy Kerr switched instruments. I just might be Rob's bass that's possessed and not Rob himself. Mmmmmmm...nah.

The North Shore's *Smugglers'* new claim to fame must surely be the only band in years ever to have had NoMeansNo open for THEM. Yes, it's true, after NoMeansNo had finished, the Smugglers kept their remaining crowd dancing with their garage-influenced, Gruesome-like good time rock 'n' roll.

The next evening NoMeansNo volunteered their services in the name of prison injustice. They headlined a list of concerned performers and speakers including *Krazy Katz*, the *Tools*, *AYA* and *Salso Muchado*. NoMeansNo performed many of the same songs as the night before but made topical insertions



such as *Dad and Big Dick*, both about child and wife abuse.

Warren Whyte

SYNDROME/JETHRO GUN FREUD/KRAZY KATZ
The Waterfront, August 15

Jethro Gun Freud is a completely unconventional band that is impossible to pigeonhole. Except they're almost exactly like the *Dead Milkmen*, but where do they fit in? JGF's songs range from jazz/blues bass lines with erratic, poetic shouted lyrics to a thrashy, punk song called *Bucky Fuller's Hexapent*. They even have a *Dead Milkmen*-ish sense of humour: "I stayed at a youth hostel on account I'm a hostile youth". After seeing *Jethro Gun Freud* one walks away humming their choruses and appreciating being entertained via their creativity.

Syndrome is a guitar

oriented band from which one might expect to see acoustic work, yet they surprise by being much pluckier and twangier on their electric instruments. It was concluded by one person that they sound exactly like *Mission of Burma*. Syndrome currently has a demo doing well at CTR called *One Eye Open, One Eye Closed*. Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond their control *Krazy Katz* couldn't make this gig.

Once again, though, the Waterfront delivers a cheap (\$2) evening of entertainment.

Warren Whyte

SILENT GATHERING/GRACIOUS 4/MARY
Commodore, August 9

An inauspicious night for *Silent Gathering*, a band which have proven themselves inspiring and potent on many an occasion. Tonight, I dunno...could've had something to do with the fact that the vocals weren't getting through to me where I was standing but this problem wasn't encountered by others further back, so who knows. Lead singer Stuart of the unpronounceable last name didn't seem as cohesive, as INTO IT as usual, although Keith Parry (guitar) truly looked divinely inspired.

And once again the drumming scaled heights of *Bauhaus*-ian intensity at times. Fucking-A. The band soldiered on through a set of all their standards, including a gratifying rendition of that song that always goes through my head, but heedless of Grant's alcohol-laden exhortations to "Do a cover...Louie Louie!" By the time they ended with the signature *Lost My Mind* (a *Cramps*/

Doors-fest if ever there was one), there were about ten people left in the place. But hey, society's loss. Even at only half-capacity, *Silent Gathering* are worth catching.

The two opening bands—well, the less said the better. Particularly of *Gracious 4* (3 guitars, 1 drums, 3 too many vocalists), who seemed to have shipped a legion of loyal fans down from Castlegar for their *Idle Eyes* poppy/boppy shit. The monotony of which was interspersed only with supremely dreadful vocals on a saccharine slow-dance number and one bass line ripped straight outta *Bruce A's Love Garage*. Like, these jokers played a longer set than I would've thought it possible to live through. And plus, if I hear one more cover of *I Fought the Law* I shall shoot the perpetrators.

I expected *Mary*, going by their name, to be some black-clad death-rock dirgey band, but no. Straight-ahead rock 'n' roll with drums/guitar/bass and a healthy, if sometimes forced, sprinkling of socially/politically-conscious tunes. One of which, *Him*, rocked out more than the rest. *Kinda Echo* and the *Bunymen* meet the *DK's* or some local hardcore band I can't quite put my finger on.

In all, an evening worth the free ticket.

Viola Funk

10,000 MANIACS
Commodore, August 8

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE/ NATIONAL PEOPLES GANG
Town Pump, August 12

Charisma and competence... charisma and competence... charisma and... I muttered these two words all the way home on the bus ride to my cozy bed.

Had been to two shows in less than a week, after having been out of town for 3 months and as far as spectacular impressions go, this is all I could come up with.

10,000 Maniacs are a wonderful band. Taken loosely, they are four competent musicians fronted by one truly charismatic person. Perhaps I have a fetish for hair or some equally embarrassing psycho-sexual disorder, for when *Natalie Merchant* let her hair down and became a hyperactive music box dancer for a couple rockier songs, I could feel my temperature rise a few degrees. Although maybe it was because she reminded me of my mother.

It was fairly obvious that the band would have preferred to play in a different venue.

The *Queen Elizabeth Theatre* would perhaps have been a more enjoyable place to see the *Maniacs* as many of *Merchant's* quieter songs were drowned out by the clinking of beer bottles and the drunken shouts of the revelers. Strangely enough, it was the first time I had ever seen people slam to songs about teenage pregnancy and the sadness of child abuse.

"*Play Skunko Rising!*" shouted one horrio surfer type about two songs into the set, obviously looking forward to smashing a few bodies around. About 15 songs in he got his wish; the 10,000 *Maniacs* proving that when they want to, they can actually rock out. *Robert Buck* is a peerless guitarist, his swirling rhythm guitar and spacey solos an effective foil for the superb keyboards and rhythm section. *Natalie Merchant's* vocals were excellent, although it was often difficult to tell how excellent over the crowd noise.

Although it was definitely in the wrong place and the audience was for the most part at the wrong concert, 10,000 *Maniacs* put on what someone would call an engaging evening of enchantment. But in keeping with my theme... it was both a charismatic and competent performance.

National People's Gang were unfortunately neither of these. They attempted to be a punk/funk/metal unit in the vein of the *Red Hot Chili Peppers* or *Jane's Addiction* (to use a disparate comparison) but came off looking and sounding like a *Rush/U2/unnamed Hardcore Band* cold porridge.

The lead singer started off on a bad note by blathering a smarmy monologue about how "The women...they know something that the men CANNOT know. I was at a festival...there was a witch doctor. You could sense the evil coming out of every pore in his body. Then I saw this woman...AND SHE SAT THAT EVIL MAN DOWN!" The singer then pulled off his shirt, and, sadly, things just didn't get any better. It was blatantly obvious the guitarist had only read up to page four in his "GUITAR HERO'S HANDBOOK". His two best moves were to stare blankly into the audience (an ambivalent audience I might add) and to leap into the air and land spread-kneed next to a stage monitor. They did have nice stickers and T-shirts, though.

Bob's Your Uncle, however, is a different story. I'm almost embarrassed to admit that this was the first time I had seen them in the two years I've been in Vancouver. *Sook Yin Lee* is a charismatic frontperson backed



Source of Silent Gathering



Family Plot

up by four (again) competent musicians. Like 10,000 Maniacs, Bob's Your Uncle is a difficult band to pigeonhole. I suppose they could be described as quirky art-folk-rock. Sook Yin, with and without her trademark monkey mask, played a variety of type instruments and found objects and proved to be quite the vocal gymnast. She, like Natalie Merchant, has the ability to draw people into her own space, primarily because she comes across as straight forward and well intentioned. This is not to say that good intentions make a great concert experience, but this and some dynamic ukulele playing made me understand why they have such a fervent local following.

I could still hear them playing to a leftover crowd of about 150 at 2:15 AM as I left the Town Pump. Yep. "Charisma and Competence," I yawned, and stumbled for the bus stop.

Michael Leduc.

FAMILY PLOT/NATIONAL PEOPLE'S GANG
Club Soda, August 13

I've never felt quite right about going out to see live bands on a Sunday night. My Sundays are normally spent summoning the courage to face Monday. Yet on Sunday the 13th I found myself at Club Soda listening to two bands that I had not seen before and will probably never see again.

Family Plot started with an instrumental of sort, "sans" singer. I've always thought this was done to give the singer a break, not to get a break from the singer. This was not a good move on their part as the singer was the

only energetic element of the band. Her voice was strong and added a rough edge to the polished but lifeless music of her cohorts. She did a fine job on some old material of Family Plot's previous singer, Madeleine Morris. The songs melded together into a pop-ish noise, poignant silences the only indication that one song had ended and the next one was to begin. The rhythm section kept a great beat but the guitar and keyboard were a Cure nightmare. All in all, Family Plot plays a decent song but with little individuality.

National People's Gang started with a bang and slowly sank to mediocrity. This foursome is visually mismatched and their sound follows accordingly. The lead vocals varied from seductive to hysterical, losing their novelty after two songs. NPG started with some really danceable/jumpable material, then dappled with something avant garde/annoying and followed up with boring/dreary middle of the road "listenable" music. National People's Gang can grab your attention but can't hold it for long. Too bad, they could have been the answer to Mondays.

Stacey Hooper

GWAR
Club Soda, August 20/21

Draped in futuristic, road warrior, caveman type costumes, Virginia's Gwar stormed into town to finally show humanity how to destroy themselves properly. Gwar is solely a concept band and the concept is solely gore.

Live and up close, the special effects made it the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.

Follow the bouncing testicle as we summarize the violence: 2 decapitations, the birth of a monster, a face ripped off, an ejaculation, an opened human stomach (out of which was pulled an Extra Old Stock), multiple killings and a too numerous to mention amount of severed bodily protrusions. Needless to say, each operation was overlooked by extras in chains being tortured, pulling on entrails or hoping to be thrown a scrap of flesh. Most went hungry, though, as anything slimy, wet or gooey that wasn't tied down went to the crowd. This appalling display of perversity by these sick minded individuals can only have a detrimental effect on society. Be sure and buy your tickets early next time.

Martin Chester

RADIO TYPE RAVE UP
Railway Club, August 20

On Sunday, August 20th, The Railway Club played host to a rather seedy looking bunch of Campus and Community radio types who had just arrived from their conference in Victoria with a hot show featuring three great local bands.

The first band up was the **Picasso Set** who were preceded in by a tape of the theme to **Dr. Who**. Anyway, Picasso Set played a smooth, stylish set of their fairly insignificant songs, including a Bay City Rollers cover and songs dedicated to Nancy Sinatra and various comic strip characters. In any case this band is too good and too tight. They are good to listen to, fun and danceable, but I would like to see them take some of the nice, neatly sewn seams that hold the music together and rip them apart a little to leave a few frayed edges here and there.

Curious George, who closed the show, on the other hand, have frayed edges to spare. The band's temporary replacement drummer seems to have renewed the energy that was so evident at their early shows. The Curious George album *Children of a Common Mother* is now out.

Sandwiched in between was **Bruce A. and the Secular Axioms**, a totally indescribable band; this is meant in the most complimentary way. They are perhaps the best local band I have seen in the past six months, but they are a bit like surreal art - you know it's good, you know you like it, you just don't know what the hell it is! Perhaps this is what **Vanilla Fudge** would be doing if they were around today and the psychedelic thing had already happened.

Martin Chester

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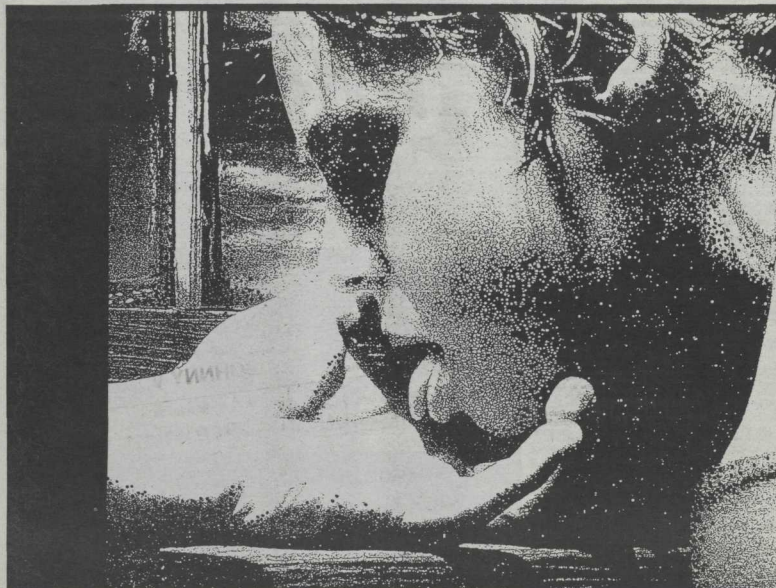
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Ninety percent of all media is controlled by thirty corporations

- a rumour found floating around the late twentieth century.

Searching For The Subtones

by leigh r wolf

To be informed is to be aware. Sounds simple, but when the plexus has a major interest in who informs you, when you're informed, how, why and in what media, the game may seem beyond the control of the average ill-age vidiot.

To restate the obvious, television is the big lie machine, and, as such, cannot be referred to as a legitimate source of pertinent information by anyone who practices creative thought. Print media, in the form of daily newspapers, is owned and operated by a handful of families who protect their own interests while record companies and book publishers are, for the most part, owned by multi-national corporations who rarely attempt to subvert the system. Where does this leave the lone stranger, desperate for an answer in a world filled with meaningless questions?

One option lies in the search for personal truth. Differing from self-knowledge, personal truth can mean inventing the world as you perceive it. Duck the system, sidestep someone else's issues, and determine what is important to your own heart and head. Personal truth can be found in the most familiar places; thus writers and singers write and sing. The key is to become involved in the process of information as opposed to being a spectator. Doing, instead of having it done to you.

The two most important rules in bringing into focus your own 'personal picture' are: 1) that all 'truths' are rumour until personally experienced, 2) that everyone is telling the truth until they have proved they are lying. As an example, the following, divergent, information heads both live in a world filled with love and hate. Now try to guess which one has the most fun and which one had hemorrhoids.

Sirius news hounds access: Imagination, informed friends, liner notes, privately published pamphlets, anarchist comix (Last Gasp, Kitchen Sink),

fanzines, telephone poles, Akashic dada banks, gravestones (for the historical perspective), spoken word cassettes, song lyrics (usually those that are, initially, uncomprehensible), performance poetry and performance art, alternative film, selected media (i.e. Semiotext(e), Maximum R&R, Sound Choice, Shred, The Nation, Adbusters, Kinesis, Reality Hacker, Pop Tart, International Spectator, CBC's Nightlines (after 2 am the best show in radio), 2.34% of music videos shown on MM, CTR, CFRO,) neo-folk music, all sculpture, all painting, meditation, music, and rumour.

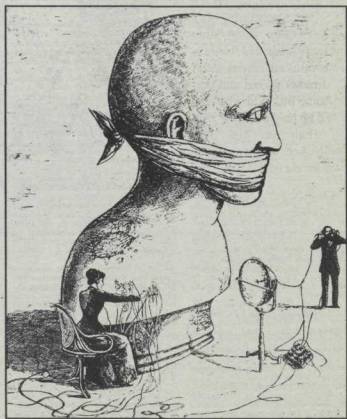
Armchair dictators believe in: Ted Koppel's Nightline (the worst of a bad lot), ABC Evening Nukes, Sixty Missiles, The Son, The Guilded Mace, Macleans, Time-Warner (apocalypseologists will have a good time with that one), The Economist, Forbes, Business Week, Barrons, Wall Street Journal, Financial Post, Reader's Indigestion, TV Weak, People (not any that I want to know), Cosmopolitics, all politicians, all hotline radio, all cor-

porate newsletters, investment sheets, blah blah blah, and, of course, media gossip. (As for this list, if and when 'truth' is being expressed through these control devices it can be assumed to be either meaningless or too big to be contained and, thus, is known by those who do not subscribe, watch, spindle, fold, or manipulate.)

Thus, the information warrior is equipped with wisdom, common sense, and a distaste for lies, while the shickso society is armed with the voice of big brother, a firm grip on what passes for reality, and a taste for suicidal car crashes. It seems that the older the century becomes the more horror the corporate media barons are willing to dish out to a drooling public.

The trick here is that although we can, if we choose, access the mainstream; the mainstream, right now, is unable to hear the sound of this noise generation. If our parents taught anything it was that the collective voice of every generation heralds social change. In a time when our very existence is being threatened by greedhead ignorance and social change is humming along like a Julio Ignatius love ballad, it seems rather urgent that the members of the current generation find their personal truth and vocalize it sooner than later. The only answer lies in the pursuit of seemingly innocuous information that can be found on a local level.

Check out your community, your clubs, bands, newspapers, galleries, radio stations, protests, marches, Meet, greet, mingle, talk, laugh, play, live, with your feet on the earth and your head in the clouds; then, I say, you will live well.



WONDERLAND AVENUE:
Tales of glamour and excess
Danny Sugerman
(William Morrow & Co.)

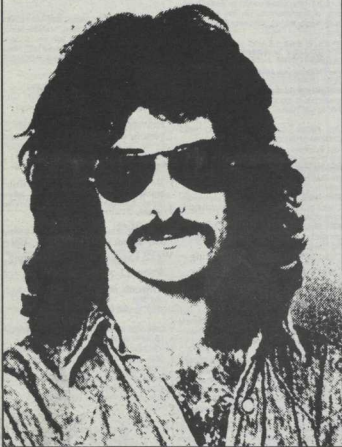
Not so much Danny Sugerman's autobiography as a careful dissection of the hell he lived for a few years in the early '70's. Post-Morrison. I picked up the book with the cynical aim of gleaning tidbits about the big JM, not really giving ten shits about Sugerman's "tales of glamour and excess". However, by the end of the book I had been given a better run for my money by the latter.

The first half of the book, chronicling Sugerman's years with Morrison, is awfully tough slogging. Sugerman describes in excruciating detail every unjustice of life with his mother and evil stepfather in the posh suburbs of Los Angeles, and records each adolescent step further into the world of regulated substances. "Ya, so, like, this teacher was such a fucking twat, I figured I'd show her: I'd go and get stoned outta my mind! That'd teach them!" is the prevailing attitude. This doesn't work wonders at eliciting sympathy. The interest in these pages lies in overhearing Jim Morrison say things like "Shit, I wish I knew how to type." (That in the course of one of his pep talks with young Danny.) And in eavesdropping on Pamela, Morrison's primary sex partner, stoned out of her gourd, screaming after him and Danny, "God damn you. I stay home and fix you a home-cooked meal...and you'd rather go out and pervert some little kid who's so fucked up he'd rather be with you than at his own home!...And you're as bad as he is! Worse! Fuck you, Jim Morrison..."

The man thusly addressed dies halfway through the book, and then the real fun begins. Four years later, Sugerman has amassed a palatial spread in Beverly Hills, a revolving-door supply of expensive sports cars, a 15-year-old alcoholic/drug addict girlfriend, and one massive dope habit. The former two with the profit from managing Ray Manzarek's solo career, the third seemingly through dumb luck, and the latter, it is

books

Viola Funk



assumed, as a natural continuation of those rebellious fuck-'em-all high school days. We are escorted into the sordid, piss-soaked, bloodstained world of heroin addiction, front-row-centre seats. We see Iggy Pop swallow ten Quaaludes in a row and proceed to piss in the potted palms (and eventually the manager's face) at the Rainbow. We see the inside of the upstairs men's toilet at the Whisky-A-Go-Go a lot. We see Tiffany, Sugerman's sex partner, overcome by alcohol and ludes, fall face-

first into her pasta, whereupon Danny revives her to great effect by blowing coke up her nostrils through a straw. We end up with Danny lying on the sidewalk in downtown Hollywood, so desperate to fix he hasn't the strength to stand up waiting for his connection. We, in short, have fun. Morbid, vicarious thrills that had me writhing with repulsion and exclaiming "Eeeeuugggh" on average three times a page.

But then, the funniest thing happens. Our hero

hits bottom, is told by doctors he has one week to live unless he stops doing dope, and ends up forcibly restrained in an insane asylum, where he finally kicks via intense substitution of Valium and Darvon for heroin. He begins a course of psychotherapy, deep introspection, soul-searching, delving back into the murky depths of childhood and family life to figure out just why he screwed himself around so harshly. And somehow you find yourself actually caring. Giving ten shits about his plight. (I went so far as to even get weepy about it all, but that may have been due to PMS more than Sugerman's evocative powers.)

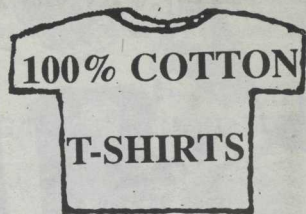
The man is no master of the English language, let's face it. I'm all for colloquial writing, but it gets scary when Sugerman starts to read like Bill Van der Zalm gone Hollywood: "So what I had then was, basically, a very nice house full of a lot of very nice but very stoned, very sloppy, and often very sick junks." He even has trouble keeping his figures of speech straight; witness, "I took it as a high sign it must be time to go another round with LSD." Drugs can do this sort of thing to you, I know, and in the final analysis the illiteracies and banalities fit right in with the topic matter anyway.

Sugerman ends off with some interesting speculation on Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Artaud, Byron, Morrison et al. "Would any of them say, 'Look atm, hold me up as an example to the young and impressionable of the world because I led a good and courageous life. I drank and drugged myself to death and I'm glad I did it and I'm glad my life is over'?"

Not real fucking likely."

Ya. For all that, the book leaves one with a strangely sterile view of Jim Morrison and the Doors. None of the throwaway lines of No One Here Gets Out Alive... "he fucked the groupie chick up the ass and then went over and grabbed a beer from the fridge..."

Nevertheless, a riveting read, and it will surely sell by the droves in paperback. It's one of those books.



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SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in thunderous variety sports and sports everywhere else for that matter. A new season commeth, are you ready?

HOT PINK 6:00-7:00PM
Hey! ZZZ-CTR! The greats of 'Pink' do their

level best to get it on. Tune in...we'll give YOU crip, roll, roll

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:00PM
The latest in dance music from the African sub-continent plus a few oldie but goodie and exotica.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-12:30AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program, with a twist!

11:00. Hosted by the ever-suept Gavin Walker.
4th Jazz takes a holiday. See you next week.
11th. Miles Smiles! Miles Davis leading Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams! (1966). Miles has every reason to smile as this is one of his best recording dates.
18th. One of the best and histories of Jazz narrated by the great alto saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley. Educational and entertaining. Recorded in 1960.
25th. "Art Pepper Meets the Rhythm Section": a first time meeting that produced a classic album. One of alto saxophonist Art Pepper's greatest sessions.

TUESDAYS
GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY 8:10-10:00AM
Garnet doesn't give a s--- and neither should you.

IT'S ALL US/PEST CONTROL 10:00AM-1:00PM
SM Mullen and Jeanne Broadway alternate weeks and thoughts.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:30PM
Country music to scrape the cowhitt off your boots to. With my hot-pole, Jeff Gray.

CONVER-RADIO 5:30-6:00PM
One-way conversation and radio: get it? A series of pilot episodes for you to evaluate. Topics for September include underground comics, Camaroon Valley, and the great '60s. Currently playing House Sound. Hosted by Chris Brynchaw. Audience participation welcome.

THE BETTY & VERONICA SHOW 6:00-7:00PM
Join the Revivella Gang each week for fun and the "Pig" up! Tune in!

NEON MEATS DREAM 7:00-9:00PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic chime combined. God what a mess. With Pete Lulwch.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE--LATE
Host: Pierre Hush. W.W.O.D. at 2:00AM without fail.

VENUS FLYPATR SHOW 8:10-10:00PM
Join the Revivella Gang each week for fun and the "Pig" up! Tune in!

VENUS FLYPATR SHOW 8:10-10:00PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic chime combined. God what a mess. With Pete Lulwch.

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all love you. Ya gay, at have been known to complain about the show, ya gay. More Cullen brings back 11 radio roots. Note the really new time slot.

THIRTY THREE AND A THIRD 3:00-5:00PM
The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes from the 1960s. Includes player stuff and interviews! With Spike Stylus!

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 5:30-6:00PM
The big mouth is back, bigger and mossier than ever!

B.C. ROCK 6:00-7:00PM
Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. Talk artists with Scott Walden.

THE SPINSTERS 7:00-9:00PM
Paula and Denise, two wild, wicked women will have their way with your eardrums and any other available orifice--tune in and turn on.

THURSDAYS
NOVA EXPRESS 6:45-7:30AM
21st 1 1/2 hours uninterrupted hours of 1959-1976. Genesius including race tracks never released in North America. Tape recorder recommended.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA FRY 10:00-11:00AM
Textbooks beckon. Which why? (where you define). Note new time.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
HARD—JUNK—COKE—

ARTS CAFE 6:30-8:00 PM
In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts community with a concentration on literature.

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT 8:00-10:00PM
Hootenanny Saturday Night on Thursday night. Get it? If not, we wouldn't want you listening anyhow. Listen for backwards songs and the 100% Record Hour at 9:00 in tune with it. Note new time.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO 10:00-11:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Join the BOPS Radio for a real live band in your living room, automobile or Walkman.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 10:00-11:00PM
The latest in band interviews, profiles and tortured confessions from local, national and international artists. Facilitated by Chris Buchanan.

HOME TAPING INTERNATIONAL 6:30-7:00PM
Tape to record over. Tape in, turn on, no tapes.

STOMP ON THAT BOFFA-TROX 9:00-MIDNIGHT
The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves. DJ Mike Harding brings you the big beat.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM
Independent music from around the world coming from the latest club hits, tunes to hardcore and industrial groove. Live and pre-recorded interviews plus experimental accordion sessions. With Lloyd Ukena

FRIDAYS
MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's hot lot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 2:30-5:00PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized aurally, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian industrialism. Sometimes during the show, expect an intrusion by the one and only NARDUWU THE HUMAN SERVETTE, for Maritania flavoured Clam Chowder!

TIED DOWN AND MADE TO TALK 3:00-4:00PM
The lowest in band interviews, profiles and tortured confessions from local, national and international artists. Facilitated by Chris Buchanan.

HOME TAPING INTERNATIONAL 6:30-7:00PM
Tape to record over. Tape in, turn on, no tapes.

STOMP ON THAT BOFFA-TROX 9:00-MIDNIGHT
The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves. DJ Mike Harding brings you the big beat.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM
Independent music from around the world coming from the latest club hits, tunes to hardcore and industrial groove. Live and pre-recorded interviews plus experimental accordion sessions. With Lloyd Ukena

THE TOP 100
Find out what you use. A stellar collection of your ESSENTIAL all time great anthems, ballads, dance, cut-ups, raps, jams, blowouts, muckies, funk-ups, experiments, dedications, poems, dances, and love songs. One chance to see the combined forces of Eating Well, it's All Here, the Knight After, and Pest Control coverage ages 20. Labour Day Monday September 18th from 11AM to 12 Midnight.

FRINGE FESTIVAL '89
During the entire run of the Fifth Annual Vancouver Fringe Festival from September 17 to October 1, CTR will broadcast live Fringe highlights, reviews, and interviews.

CITR WEEK '89
From September 25 to 29, that radio station on the campus of UBC will force itself upon you with tons of special events!

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/folk/roque folk music radio show. Now in its fifth year on CTR!

2nd Labour Day Special
9th Vancouver's best roots bands
16th Vancouver Folk Song Society's 30th Anniversary

23rd San Francisco's Celtic Roots
10th in the CTR studios
30th South Top 20!

POWERHOUSE 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Melfo Ran do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM
The Hip Hop beat brought to you by Neil Scoble--straight from the island. Note new time slot.

IN REVIEW 5:30-6:00PM
A look of what's happened over the last week. A grab bag of sorts.

RADIO FREE PARKING 10:00PM-1:00AM
Host: Paul C.
And the winner is! A George Clinton P Funk Bunch. Check it out!

MEGALIST MIDNIGHT-3:00 AM
Improvisation in many forms. Meets that don't work but had to be filed. Requests that never get played. Welcome to late night radio. With Adam Sloan. Note new time slot.

SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-NOON
Wake up to Schenker, Varese, Berio, Carter, Scial, Xenakis, Schaefer, Cage, Webern - Artistic Evil Nighties! Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
Riggle, Rock Steady and Sia with George Barell. Dance Hall Music!

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-5:00PM
Every Sunday, join Lachlan Murray and Kevin Reid for the best of blues, rhythm and blues, and soul.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:00-8:00PM
Feminist news and analysis and music made by women for everybody. Afternoon Sundays with Electronic Smoke Signals.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:00-8:00PM
Informative news, interviews, coffee analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Alternates Sundays with Just Like Women.

PLAYLOAD THIS IS NOT A TEST 8:00-10:00PM
Now, easier than never. Larry Thissen.

ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and hear C-90s. Originally broadcast on KISC (Los Angeles).

THIS MONTH: Hidden History of the Cold War.

ETCETERA

THE TOP 100
Find out what you use. A stellar collection of your ESSENTIAL all time great anthems, ballads, dance, cut-ups, raps, jams, blowouts, muckies, funk-ups, experiments, dedications, poems, dances, and love songs. One chance to see the combined forces of Eating Well, it's All Here, the Knight After, and Pest Control coverage ages 20. Labour Day Monday September 18th from 11AM to 12 Midnight.

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CITR WEEK '89
From September 25 to 29, that radio station on the campus of UBC will force itself upon you with tons of special events!

From on-location broadcasts to gigs, stay tuned to CTR for more info.

UBC DIGEST
Four times each day, hear the rundown on the latest events, lectures, gigs, and fun things occurring here on that campus next door to that famous fawn cancer site.

CITYSCAPE
Several times a day, listings are read out on the latest happenings here in the city of rain. Concerts and clubs, theatre, film and cinema: everything you could possibly want and more. Just listen.

COMMUNITY ACCESS
CTR provides free airtime for Community Access by community groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please give the Program Director a phone call at 226-3017. Thank you.

THE MORNING SHOW
From the famous start to the not-so-famous UBC World Service, wake up with The CTR Morning Show. Its information you shouldn't do without: news, sports, entertainment reports, and Alberta hog prices.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT
Lunch goes down better with The Afternoon Report. Tune in for no frills news, sports, and weather.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE
CTR's in-depth current affairs news magazine. News, coverage and analysis of the day's events and sports, a complete weather report, movie reviews, and reports on events here at UBC. And we promise, no traffic reports.

THE UBC SPORTS ON CTR
Returning this fall, join the crack CTR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mass of variety sports both on the campus and off. Over fifty to be exact, from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the "TR" is in CTR. Upcoming games carried by CTR which will pre-empt regular CTR programming.

MEN'S FOOTBALL

SEPTEMBER
2nd 7:30 Sunday AT University of Calgary
9th 7:30 Saturday versus SFU at Swangard Stadium
16th 2:30 Saturday AT University of Manitoba
23rd 7:30 Saturday versus University of Saskatchewan
30th 1:00 Saturday versus University of Manitoba

OCTOBER
8th 1:00 Sunday AT University of Saskatchewan
21st 1:00 Saturday AT University of Alberta
28th 1:00 Saturday versus University of Calgary

MEN'S ICE HOCKEY

OCTOBER
27th 7:30 Friday versus University of Alberta

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

OCTOBER
31st 7:00 Tuesday Buchanan Classic at SFU

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30-8:00	THE CITR MORNING SHOW AT 7:30 - BCB WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00						
9:00	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY	VENUS FLYPATR SHOW			ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	
10:00		PEST CONTROL/IT'S ALL US	TOP OF THE BOPS	HANFORD NUCLEAR...	MOVING IMAGES		
11:00	SOUP DE JOUR					THE 12 O'CLOCK NEWS	
12:00							
1:00	THE AFTERNOON NEWS REPORT						
2:00		BLOOD ON THE SADDLE			POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW	
3:00	SOUND OF REALITY	33 1/3	FLEX YOUR HEAD	THE ABSOLUTE NINEMAN VALUE OF NOISE	IN EFFECT	THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW	
4:00	THE NEWS MAGAZINE						
5:00		CONVER-RADIO	JUST TALK	ARTS CAFE	TIED DOWN AND MADE TO TALK	IN REVIEW	NEWS
6:00	SPORTS DIGEST	BETTY & VERONICA	BC FOLK	THE VINYL FRONTIER	HOME TAPING INTERNATIONAL	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	
7:00	HOT PINK	NEON MEATS DREAM	THE SPINSTERS	HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT		PLAYLOAD (THIS IS NOT A TEST)	
8:00	AFRICAN SHOW						
9:00		THE NEW JENNIFER O'BAN SHOW	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HILL	STOMP ON THAT BOFFA-TROX	RADIO FREE PARKING	
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW						
11:00							
12:00							
1:00							
2:00	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES	THE KNIGHT AFTER	EATING VOMIT	SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN	MEGA-BLAST!	IN THE CRIP OF INCONHERENCY
3:00						SIN-A-FLEX NICE-LOEDON	
4:00							



ARTIST

TITLE

LABEL

KEITH LEBLANC	STRANGER THAN FICTION	NETTWERK
# RAY CONDO AND HIS HARDROCK GONERS	HOT 'N' COLD	CARGO
PUBLIC ENEMY	FIGHT THE POWER 12"	MOTOWN
# STURM GROUP	GRIND	AMOK
PETER GABRIEL	MUSIC FROM THE LAST TEMPTATION	VIRGIN
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS	GHETTO MUSIC	ZOMBA
POGUES	PEACE AND LOVE	ISLAND
THE THE	MIND BOMB	EPIC
SKID ROPER AND THE WHIRLIN SPURS	TRAILS PLOWED UNDER	TRIPLE X
POP WILL EAT ITSELF	THIS IS THE DAY, THIS IS THE HOUR....	BMG
N.W.A.	EXPRESS YOURSELF 12"	PRIORITY
NIRVANA	BLEACH	SUB POP
L.L. COOL J	WALKING WITH THE PANTHER	DEF JAM
EPMD	UNFINISHED BUSINESS	FRESH
B-52S	COSMIC THING	REPRISE
# VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE BRIDGE: TRIBUTE TO NEIL YOUNG	CAROLINE
WEST INDIA COMPANY	MUSIC FROM THE NEW DEMONS	EG
MONKS OF DOOM	THE COSMODEMONIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY	ROUGH TRADE
MC 900FT JESUS	TOO BAD 12"	NETTWERK
# FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY	GASHED SENSES AND CROSSFIRE	THIRD MIND
# SARAH McLACHLAN	STEAMING 12"	NETTWERK
VARIOUS ARTISTS	GREAT MARCH ON WASHINGTON	GORDY/MOTOWN
NURSE WITH WOUND	AUTOMATING VOLUME 2	UNITED DAIRIES
WEDDINGS, PARTIES, ANYTHING	NO SHOW WITHOUT PUNCH	UTILITIES
# STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS	FIDDLE AND TOM	CAPITOL
VARIOUS ARTISTS	NEW BEAT TAKE 3	A.S. SOUNDS
# MONTY CANTSIN	AHORA NEOISMUS	MALDOROR
# 54-40	FIGHT FOR LOVE	REPRISE
YOUSSEU N'DOUR	THE LION	VIRGIN
MATERIAL	SEVEN SOULS	VIRGIN
COFFIN BREAK	PSYCHOSIS	C/Z RECORDS
HOODOO GURUS	MAGNUM CUM LOUDER	RCA
KAREN FINLEY	THE TRUTH IS HARD TO SWALLOW	POW WOW ART
MARY MY HOPE	MUSEUM	SILVERTONE
YOUNG MC	BUST A MOVE	ISLAND
THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG	SILVERTOWN	SILVERTONE
THE GLAZZ BOY	WAYKI WAYKI	SUB ROSA
VARIOUS ARTISTS	RADIO BOND-AGE	CARGO

INDICATES CANADIAN ARTIST

EVEN THOUGH THERE IS NO DEMO/CASSETTE LISTING FOR THIS MONTH, DON'T FORGET THAT CTR WELCOMES MUSICAL AND NON-MUSICAL ENDEAVOURS WITH OPEN EARS. PLEASE ADDRESS ANY SUBMISSIONS TO THE ATTENTION OF EITHER THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT OR THE DEMO CASSETTE DIRECTOR, CTR 101.9 FM, 6138 SUB BOULEVARD, VANCOUVER, BC CANADA V6T 2A5. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

COLLECTOR'S R.P.M.

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POSTERS MAGAZINES MEMORABILIA

HOME OF THE BEATLES AND KISS MUSEUM

15% OFF ALL IMPORTS WITH STUDENT CARD

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WE PAY TOP PRICES FOR RARE CLEAN RECORDS

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CLASSIC ROCK

CLASSIC FUN

THE ROXY IN '89

Wednesday - Student Night - No Cover with Student I.D.



932 GRANVILLE

684-7699

NEW GERMAN CINEMA

FRIDAY SEPT. 8 - THURSDAY SEPT. 14



•PREMIERES•

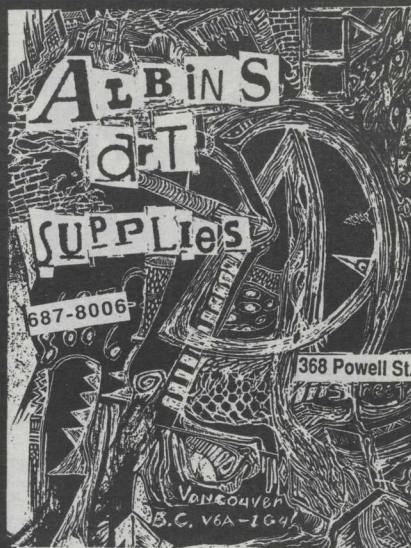
FRI SEP 8	7:30 9:30	Sierra Leone The Virgin Machine
SAT SEP 9	7:30 9:30	Anita: Dances of Vice Sierra Leone
SUN SEP 10	7:30 9:30	The Virgin Machine Anita: Dances of Vice
MON SEP 11	7:30 9:30	Sierra Leone The Virgin Machine
TUES SEP 12	7:30 9:30	Anita: Dances of Vice Sierra Leone
WED SEP 13	7:30 9:30	The Virgin Machine Anita: Dances of Vice
THUR SEP 14	7:30 9:30	Sierra Leone The Virgin Machine

Classifications TBA

Separate Admissions Required

VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA

7th Ave. & COMMERCIAL DRIVE 253-5455



Why do mothers

... lick napkins, then wipe your face with their spit?

... clench their teeth when they are mad at you?

Lies your mother told you:

#86 ... "it's okay that you forgot my birthday."

#86b ... "all I want for Christmas is a pair of gloves."



UBC
Student Union Building
Main & Lower Concourse
All Ages Welcome

THE LONG-OVERDUE-BUT-BETTER-REALLY-LATE-THAN-NEVER GREAT CİTR LISTENERS' SURVEY!!

Okay, so it's been too long since we last asked you for your valued opinion on things CİTR-y and why you believe it should or should not exist. But really you should not be complaining that you have not had the opportunity to respond to what we do 'cause we *do* have an address and we *do* have a phone number you know. Nonetheless, please use the next several minutes of your valuable time to fill this thing out and *tell us* how we're doing and all that stuff. You might even be in store for some prizes. Okay?

Gender: ☐ Male ☐ Female Age: _____

Are you a student? ☐ UBC ☐ Other Post-Secondary ☐ Secondary ☐ Elementary ☐ Other _____

Have you listened to CİTR? ☐ Yes ☐ No Then why are you filling this thing out? _____

When and how did you first find out about CİTR? _____

How do you usually listen to CİTR? ☐ FM ☐ Cable ☐ Other _____

How often do you listen to CİTR? ☐ never ☐ once a year ☐ a few times a year ☐ once a month ☐ once a week ☐ a few times a week ☐ daily ☐ I never turn it off

When do you usually listen to CİTR? (circle more than one if you like) ☐ 7-8am ☐ 7-9am ☐ 9am-noon ☐ noon-3pm ☐ 3-6pm ☐ 6-9pm ☐ 9pm-midnight ☐ midnight-4am ☐ 4am-sign-off ☐ I never turn the bloody thing off

Where do you usually listen to CİTR? ☐ in the car ☐ at work ☐ on the bus ☐ in my bedroom ☐ in my living room ☐ at parties ☐ on my WalkHuman

Do you have problems picking up CİTR? ☐ Yes ☐ No Please explain. _____

Has reception improved since CİTR boosted its power? ☐ Yes ☐ No Please explain. _____

What other radio stations do you listen to? _____

Why? _____

Do you ever record anything from CİTR? ☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Ain't tellin'

Please list the programs you listen to the most and indicate why you listen. _____

Please list the programs you avoid like the plague and indicate why you don't listen to them. _____

To the best of your ability, please define "obscenity". _____

WAGES OF \$IN

**WEDNESDAY
SEPT 6
ARTS CLUB
1181 SEYMOUR**

THE METHOD

SEE THEM LIVE AT:
The Town Pump?
The Commodore?
Dick's on Dick's?

**- NOPE -
Nothin' Doin'**

Screeamin' for Rita

Sept. 23 at

The Conservatory

1345 Richards (upper floor)

Doors 8 PM

Tix: \$5-Advance

\$7-Door

Benefit for the Vancouver Conservatory of
Theatrical Arts Society For Info call 685-4407

Please indicate below whether you would like more, the same, or less of the following types of programming.

Demo Tapes/Cassettes	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Current Affairs	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Major label artists	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Visual and Performing Arts	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Jazz	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Blues	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Experimental	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Three chord rock	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Classical	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	CiTR Concert Presentations	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Public Service Announcements	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Individual Program Promos	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
News	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Cityscape Listings	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Sports	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Concentration on CanCon	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Roots	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	The literary arts	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Drama	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	No Commercial Messages	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Free-form	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	The Weather	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Interviews	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Noise	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Talking DJ's	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	Spoken Word	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less
Music	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less	UBC Digest	☐ more	☐ the same	☐ less

What do you like the most about CiTR? _____

What do you hate the most about CiTR? _____

Do you enjoy listening to CiTR more or less than you did

6 months ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same	3 years ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same
1 year ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same	4 years ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same
2 years ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same	5 years ago?	☐ more	☐ less	☐ same

Why? _____

What changes would you make to CiTR's programming? _____

Now, if you're a smart one, you should fill out the spaces below not so a disgruntled CiTR member can track your evil self down because of the nasty words you wrote down above, but because there just might be a prize draw at the end of October for one of CiTR's new t-shirts. So, chop out this little ballot thingle and then do one of the following: (1) send it in to CiTR (6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5), (2) come by the station and drop it off in person, or (3) drop it off in one of the survey boxes at Zulu Records (1869 W 4th), Odyssey Imports (534 Seymour) or Scratch Records (317A Cambie). Deadline: Friday October 20th. Thank you very much.

Name and Phone Number: _____

MAGLEOD'S

used & old

BOOKS



455 West Pender
Vancouver
681-7654



TAPESTRY
319 CAMBIE

687-1719

clothing/accessories

R.E.M.

**GREEN
WORLD
TOUR**

SPECIAL GUEST **N.R.B.Q.**

**SATURDAY
OCTOBER 14, 7:30 PM
P.N.E. COLISEUM**

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE COLISEUM BOX OFFICE, ALL
TICKETMASTER OUTLETS OR CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444

PRESENTED BY **FOX**

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ON ALL
STOCK
WITH THIS
COUPON

CURE
Disintegration
(Elektra)

The Cure could still be a really great band if only they could control the tendency to lapse into those fucking Sawfey-music keyboard riffs.

That said, this album is still worth buying and surprisingly, Robert Smith's comparison of it to "Seventeen Seconds" is borne out, by the first side at least. However, the band really seem to be outdoing themselves in the way of hideous album covers. Then again you do get a shitload of value for your money, both sides are chock fulla tunes (and if you buy the CASSETTE or COMPACT DISC, you get an extra... what is it?... 17 tracks?...).

Evidently, I'm rather ambivalent about the whole deal. To dissect the pieces individually... The opener, "Plain-song", shows brilliant promise—a truly magnificent depression ode in traditional Cure form. Of course, this being 1989, there's no way the rest of the album could live up to this billing. "Pictures of You" burns itself into one's memory with some ethereal imagery and offhand delivery (Smith yet manages to transcend his whine) but the music's nothing to write home about. After the first few noncommittal listens, "Closely" has completely won me over. Anyone who can sing with such gut-searing intensity "...the need to feel again the real belief of something more than mockery/fif only could fill my heart with love", has got to be taken seriously, keyboards notwithstanding. "Lovesong" proves the Cure have not lost the ability to churn out—I mean, CRAFT—unequaled, unforgettable pop songs. "Fascination Street", closing Side One is Disco City. I'm totally reminded of some Top 40 hit from the early '80s—can't quite place which one, but hey, somehow I still dig this tune.

Side Two harkens back to Kiss Me 3, what with long-winded, egotistical Smithisms like "Prayers for Rain" and "Same Deep Water as You". I guess one can get into these if one happens to be in a sufficiently masturbatory, artistic mood. The title track has the potential to get uresome but doesn't quite fulfill it. Things look up with the last song "Untitled", which ends in a Gregorian-stark instrumental bit that's almost enough to restore my faith in the band.

So hey, it, along with Kiss Me 3, will be heard in Sawfey's 25 years from now (that makes the Cure the Beatles of the '80s, I guess), but what the heck. Great background music.

Viola Funk

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Passion Sources
(Realworld/Virgin)

This album is the first release on the new "Realworld" record label set up by the organisers of WOMAD (World of Music, Arts, and Dance) with aid from Peter Gabriel. The idea behind the label is to help ethnic musicians, many from the Third World, gain access to the latest recording technology. The end result is beneficial for the musicians as it widens their audience to encompass digital-sensitive Westerners—and beneficial to their listeners, providing them with ethnic music minus the technical glitches and wear-and-tear of existing recordings.

Despite the tremendous surge in popularity that ethnic music has undergone in recent years, Peter Gabriel can hardly be accused of "jumping on the bandwagon" by producing and releasing Passion Sources. Gabriel has long had a sincere interest in folk music of other cultures, demonstrated by his fourth album and, more impressively, by his organisation of the early WOMAD festivals in England, which often didn't break even and were subsidised by him personally.

This album was released as a companion to Gabriel's "Passion", the soundtrack to Scorsese's "Last Temptation of Christ". Hopefully, Passion Sources will not be overlooked in favour of the more familiar Westernised music on the Gabriel album which, although beautiful in its own way, seems at times a dilution of the source.

Passion Sources is a compilation of some of the most influential musicians in world music today. Side one opens with a track by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, the leading exponent of Qawwali music, a style dedicated to the praise of Allah. This is a joyous celebration works apart from the sombre hymns of Western religion. Many of the pieces are dominated by complex, driving rhythms, such as Fatma's frantic West African drumming, but a large proportion of the album is dedicated to slow, soulful solos or duets like Antrak's Askanian and Khatchadour Khatchaturian's "Song of Complaint", which closes the album on a mournful note. For me, the two tracks that really stand out are the two location recordings.

The first, recorded in a bar in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, by unknown musicians, features a fast compulsive rhythm, a minimalist tin whistle and the chants, screams, and shouts of a well-pleased clientele—why doesn't this sort of thing go on down at Kits Pub? The other is a wedding song recorded on the set of "Last Temptation", which begins with a chant by young girls and again builds into an exciting drum rhythm. The only song that really doesn't seem to fit the concept of Passion Sources is the track by Shankar and the Epidemics. Shankar's been around for a long time now and his recordings are readily available in high quality versions. He is a close friend of Peter Gabriel's and I get the feeling that this rather tedious five-minute-plus improvisation might have been included as a favour. This however is my only criticism.



Passion Sources is an excellent world music sampler. Don't be put off by its unfamiliarity; the album is a celebration of rhythm and spirit now lost in much of Western music and life.

Peter Lutwyche

BOB MOULD
Workbook
(Virgin)

Ultimately, after the destruction of any building, there is wreckage and debris that must be cleared away before it is possible to rebuild. It may be presumptuous to compare the break-up of Husker Du in 1988 with the felling of a skyscraper, but in a sense, when one considers the importance of Husker Du to the growth of the underground music scene of the early '80s, when along with REM and the Replacements they represented a beacon of hope for any adolescent who had dared to dream of playing in a rock and roll band, the breakup had all the repercussions of the crushing of a landmark.

Workbook could neatly fall into the category of unclear

debris. Although not quite as personal as the EP released by Grant Hart, 2541 (named after the address of a Minneapolis studio where the band had done a lot of recording), Mould's album is clearly a soul-purging effort. Fans of the Husker Du wall of fuzz and hyperactive staccato sound may be somewhat disappointed by the fact that this has nearly disappeared. Acoustic picking fills the space in which thunder once reigned supreme. The lyric sensibilities seem to have changed as well. When the Huskers sang their special brand of thrash-pop it was often difficult to pick out the fact that their songs were actually heartfelt and sometimes even funny observations on the human condition. At a time when most hardcore punks were making blasé comments on the ills of society and propagating negative attitudes toward anything they could think of (which, often, wasn't much), this was a coup. It seems now that Bob Mould has taken more of the stance of the introspective troubadour on this album. Where once he screamed about "59 Times the Pain" and "These Important Years", he now actually sings about topics that seem almost pastoral. "I walk through the fields to Brasilia" and "Jackrabbit done run cross that road, Goin' to Hotel in the sky" are something one might expect from John Cougar or Tom Petty, but none would have thought Mould could cut so close to his roots.

At its very worst, Workbook is a piece of background music to put on while cleaning your room or reading, because, unfortunately, for the most part it certainly does not have the gripping effect of

Mould's earlier work. However, if one considers that this is a transitional album, one that essentially clears away built-up emotional debris via the sentiments of a once-notorious punk guitarist poised on the brink of thirty with nowhere to go, Workbook is an intense look at the mind inside the man. If all else fails, file it under "total loss" and thank God you still have your copy of "New Day Rising".

Michael Leduc

THE POGUES
Peace and Love
(Island/MCA)

Rumour has it that Shane MacGowan is on the Keith Richards route to life in death and truth is that his record company does not set up interviews for him anymore due to "incoherence". [It's good to know there's still someone who hasn't sold out.—Ed.] This may be the reason that The Pogues' new album "Peace and Love" has so many songs NOT written by the man whose teeth are almost as infamous as Samantha Fox's breasts. However, a more likely explanation would be that the individual bandmembers are coming into their own as musicians and songwriters. After six years and four albums, this motley crew (none of whom could play the instruments they were assigned as Pogues) proves that they are unwilling to remain stagnant as the best Irish folk/punk/rogue/fusion band around.

The first single, "Misty Morning Abroad Bridge", is a rather misleading introduction to the album. Its traditional sound and classic Shane MacGowan sandpaper vocals are more akin to previous efforts than the rest of Peace and Love. Five of the eight band members contribute songs to make this the most rounded Pogues effort to date, if not the most "Pogue-ish". Purist fans of the band may be disappointed at the first listen, but openmindedness is the key to getting to like this album. There are some schlocky duets, admittedly, but these are more than made up for by the brilliance of tunes like "Cotton Fields", fiercely dark and dense, and "London is a Lady", a to-the-bone musical portrait of London like only Shane could write. With Peace and Love, the Pogues have proved that at least one band can manage a shit-kicking attitude and a sharp-as-a-razor edge that for most is eaten away for the big bucks and glamour of the recording industry. Let's just pray Shane can make it through alive. If he should fall from grace with God...

Tania Aleksson

ASEXUALS
Dish
(Cargo)

Asexuals are from Montreal and we all want to support home-grown talent, right? Unfortunately, these guys make it extremely difficult by churning out this unimaginative drabble.

The album leads off with the title track, a bit of power pop fleshed out by a horn section that adds a little punch to the tune. But everything is downhill from here. Asexuals use a tired-sounding guitars/drums lineup throughout; the horns (the only redeeming feature) are disregarded except for two more tracks. There is little to distinguish the songs from one another, repetition being prevalent both musically and lyrically.

The lyrics concentrate on celebrating lust and liquor, perfect material for any Top 40 cover band. Each track is explained on the album sleeve with obscure phrases like, "an uplifting anthem about microwave cooking in the golden palace of the Himalayas" or "this little ditty was inspired by Anton Chekhov's overtime goal in Game 5 of the Canada Cup. WHAT?!" Perhaps these pearls of wisdom are supposed to symbolically introduce us to each song, or even impress us with their learned insights. (What Anton Chekhov has to do with the Canada Cup is beyond me, although reincarnated playwrights on ice may be novel Soviet innovation.) If the effort put into these gems had gone into the lyrics then there might be something worth listening to here. But the words are as dull as the music and the obscure references only highlight their inadequacies. Asexuals come off as pretentious, flaunting style without substance. This album deserves a similar dismissal.

G. Simms

THE RAZORBACKS
Live A Little
(WEA)

The Razorbacks' brand of rockabilly experienced a revival a few years back, at least on commercial radio, with the likes of the Stray Cats and Ry Cooder. With "Live A Little" the Razorbacks continue in this commercialised style; driving stand-up bass, vocals with a nasal twang, and jingly guitars. The band is smooth and they play short, snappy tunes covering the standard subjects: laments of no girls, no money, or love on the rocks.

Yet here the upbeat tracks don't have quite enough spark and the occasional ballad drags along, leaving an overall impression of a lack of energy.

All the proper ingredients are here but they ain't been cooked long enough. (I've never seen the Razorbaks live but I would hope they have more jump than this album does.) The songs are subdued throughout with a few exceptions—"Didn't You Mamma Tell You" and an interesting cover of Townesend's "My Generation". While there is lots of whoopin' and hollerin' here, it all seems a bit forced.

Live A Little tantalises with a promise of some high-energy rockabilly but fails to deliver. Give these guys full marks for effort but the end product is disappointing.

G. Simms

THE GODFATHERS

More Songs of Love and Hate (Epic)

Hey man! It's 1965 and these are the R+B sounds of swinging London. From the quadra-zillion (or two) grunging guitars, to the simplistic beats, to the charming "I can't sing, so I'll sort of talk melodically" vocals of lead God (father) Peter Coyne, it is apparent that this is a group with its collective head firmly jammed into the sand, in the vain hope that it will gain a revelatory glimpse of the past. The result of this peculiar activity, of a band that was once The Sid Presley Experience, includes a gem, "She Goes Me Love", an industrial diamond, "I Don't Believe in You", replete with "groovy" organ (not Vox, more like Hammond), and numerous lumps of carbon. In the latter category we have "These Days are Over" (but not really because people are still making this kind of music) and a song whose title I can't read because my handwriting is so awful. No matter, because these later tunes all sound like Gang of Four/The Jam outtakes, all made while Paul Weller and Andy Mac were off at the Labour Party Convention. Supposition: Thatcher-nomics has driven England so far back into the past that people really do think it's the 1960's again. It's just a thought. Look for the Godfathers to don platform shoes and glitter-covered waistcoats as the British economy progresses forward to 1973.

J.W.

ZVUKI MU

Produced by BRIAN ENO
Modern Songs from Russia
(Land)

The lyrics, sung in Russian and translated on the inner sleeve, give brooding, Dostoyevskian portraits of psychological torment. In Russian, for example, one can say "leave me alone" in one word: otyvzhis.

Other thoughts do not translate: "From bison's eyes/the darkness has lit up/and in my house/here's such/such...Gadopiatskna!" Just what this ominous Gadopiatskna is, is not clear. It may have something to do with "women lacquered women/women lacquered women."

You've got to expect a certain amount of frivolity with this record. That bawling fellow from Middleborough, Eno, is behind it and despite his articulate, intellectual ramblings he is basically out for yuks of the driest vintage: what Shklovski would call ostentation. There are bits of Fripp/Belwesque guitar on this record and quirky title numbers followed by long, hungry pieces. "Traffic Policeman" sounds like the old Animal Slaves doing "Man from Glad". "Forgotten Sex" starts off moodily enough, but then the keyboards worm their way into the sparse mix and the vocalist throatily intones in self-satisfied fulfillment "sex/sex/see/see/see".

In writing about the Scramblers/54-40 Russian tour Ken Eisner (Georgia Straight, Music Express) left the impression that Soviet popular music is dominated by second-rate Depeche Mode imitations. Obviously he didn't catch Zvuki Mu. Some where between the Talking Heads' "More Songs about Buildings and Food" and Devo's first album, this record, "Modern Songs from Russia", presents another discovery from Brian Eno. Are we not men? We are Zvuki Mu.

Brian Hohm

LL COOL J

Walking with a Panther
(Def Jam/CBS)

LL Cool J has'n't grown up yet, which is good. His rhymes are still hard, his rhythms are still infectious, and he's still got a massive ego. If it weren't for his bragging, giving him a bad name in rap circles, this would be one of the best records of the year. With help from Public Enemy on two hyped tracks, most of this hour-plus record rocks, but he covers all the bases with three "ballads" of varying intensity. This record lives up to its reputation as a good rapper and an egotist. Not many political messages here.

A. P. S.

NURSE WITH WOUND

Automating Volume Two
(United Dairies)

While by yourself in large rooms with unconventional surfaces and darkness infiltrating those areas not subjected to direct light, and with a total loss of sound

from your environment due to headphones directing the electromagnetic radiation composed by Nurse With Wound internal to your cranium, at every turn a hideous-onset of your imagination's creation rears its head. You find yourself retreating from your own body as the primary priority is to interpret the data being inputted into your temporal lobes. You hope that the old rechargeable batteries in the Walkperson die. They always do, but no such luck. The processed lyrics of unknown language swoop down on your cerebrum as you grasp at the shards of concept flying by. Drum machines manufacture certainty and then stop. Familiar songs/sounds pass in unfamiliar forms. Repetition occurs where unnecessary. Feedback, shouts, violent bursts of sonic pain reinforce the mix. Questions arise. How could this be created by humans? Am I being bombarded by subliminal messages? Why do I want to listen to this? What key are they playing in? Why can't I just stop the tape player? Why is it only 2:42 AM? How could I have written so much without saying anything?

A. P. S.

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND
WE'RE GOING TO USE IT!
International Rescue
(WEA)

If anyone ever required the services of International Rescue (the organisation featured in "Thunderbirds"), a beyond-hip TV show with an anthemic title track popularised by the Rezillos, and featuring life-sized puppets manning unlikely rocket-ships on ridiculous missions, it's these Fuzzbox characters. This particular offering is a three-song EP containing the title track, "International Rescue"; "Raising Champagne"; and "Barbarella". As one might gather from the last title, or perhaps from the back cover of the record, this EP is supposed to be some sort of abbreviated pop opera based loosely on the Jean-Claude Forest comic (and Roger Vadim movie) featuring the members of We've Got A Etc. as (new) members of International Rescue who go to the aid of Barbarella in order to save her from the evil Duran Duran. (Who are themselves being saved, but that's beside the point.) The musical low points on this dubious effort include all the mindless dance/electro title mentioned above, with the possible exception of the last song, which would make ideal extra music for anyone involved in attempting to expel uninvited guests from a big house party. (I suppose it has its uses.) The whole thing is a dim

notion, dimly executed. Buy a Bobby Brown record instead.

J.W.

COLD SWEAT Plays J.B. (JMT)

Now that the godfather of soul is doing time and every other rapper is ripping him off left, right and centre it's great to see some real musicians paying tribute to James Brown and not embarrassing themselves in the process.

"Cold Sweat" includes some of New York's finest laying down the J.B. patented funk and blowing hot over top. Led by ex-Sun Ra trombone player Craig Harris (whose Tailgator Tales concert was a sadly underrated performance in this year's Jazz Festival), this collective blows through an interesting assortment of J.B. originals. Everything from "Try Me", "I Got the Feelin'", "Please, Please, Please" to "It's a Man's World" arguably does justice to the originals while still delivering cookin' new interpretations. Harris throws in a couple of short original tracks carved in classic J.B. grooves for good measure. Guest jazz heavies David Murray, Arthur Blythe and Oli Dera make cameo appearances for some inspired fun. Thankfully, the vocals are kept to a minimum so as to avoid too much comparison with the one, the only...Yet they still are there to bring what's going on back into focus instead of being lost in endless blowing.

James Brown may not be enjoying one of the best periods of his career but at least some people still know who deserves the respect and how to give it back. Here's hoping this one gets to his ears and heart. As the liner notes conclude "...and we ask please, please, please that everybody drop to their knees and thank God for James Brown."

Paul Clarke

STEVE JONES Fire and Gasoline (MCA)

Listening to the new



Steve Jones LP was very disappointing. I shouldn't have been surprised; he was partly responsible for Iggy Pop's immensely boring "Instinct" album. At times "Fire and Gasoline" has the spark of mid-'70s Kiss, but Steve's raspy Jack Daniels tough-guy vocals and predictable guitar quickly become tiresome.

The songs run the gamut of dull to morose, despite enlisting the help of Ian Astbury and Bill Duffy, which only results in a couple of third-rate Cult cuts.

In the albeit chequered past, Steve at least had a half-decent singer, a vicious rhythm section and bad songs. Solo, he's left with only the bad songs.

Jeff Molsen

TIN GOD Tin God (cassette)

Rarely does a new band's first demo come across as intelligent, powerful and professional as Tin God's first release. The band's rhythm section, Jaime Nicholson on bass and Scott Beadle, drums, plays tight and confident. As usual Mike Graham's highly underrated lead work is tasteful and complementary to Doug Andrews' rhythm guitar and vocals.

Congratulations to producer/engineer Mike Landolt for capturing a vivid and confidently aggressive Tin God. There are a lot of nice touches; the mandolin-like rhythm guitar on "Gasoholic", the doubled choruses during "Lives of the Saints", and a unique rolling almost fretless bass sound throughout the six-song cassette.

The songs themselves for the most part are strong. "Gasoholic" suffers from an uninspired guitar melody, and the vocal bridge on "When I Was a Boy" should have been used only as a prelude to the dynamics of the guitar solo, as opposed to being tagged after every chorus. Both songs could use some condensing.

"I pity all the babies who cry in their sleep/They'll be marching to the front by the end of the week."

The impact of this first verse touches an emotional chord and sets the tone for "The End is the End". Through well-written lyrics and catchy melodies, the desperation of the song manages to come across soft and subtle, without losing any urgency. The power of this song is not from relentless pounding and vocal histrionics, but rather a tacit manipulation of the senses.

My favourite cut, "Lay Me Down", is an action-packed,

tight-paced, thriller of a pop song, on the edge. And the rawk-an-them chorus kicks in like a runaway train.

This dayglo-covered cassette is available at all the cool record stores, or better yet, check out the band live and give 'em a five for the tape.

Jeff Molsen

LES NEGRESSES VERTES

Les Negresses Vertes
(Rhythm King Records)

The hit of the French Night Club Scene, Les Negresses Vertes have exploded onto the European roots music arena with the biggest impact since The Pogues arrived in '84.

They hail from France: mainly from Paris, with some from the Cargue in the south. Their name is a somewhat derogatory term (not unlike The Pogues) that was hurled at them as an insult which, true to their defiantly punk stance, they decided they liked. They use the imagery to attack the racism which lurks in the psyche of deranged misbrats like Le Pen and his obnoxious National Front.

Les Negresses Vertes play global folk/punk, mixing flamenco, ska, punk, and accordion-driven waltzes. The accordion grabs you first, as they misleadingly gentle "La Valse" opens the album. The deception doesn't last, as "Zobie La Mouche" drives along, complete with flamenco rhythms, hot congas, a powerful, dancefloor beat. It's a big hit in the U.K., although the BBC wouldn't play it if somebody translated the lyrics for them! Other outstanding cuts include the manic "Les Yeux De Ton Pere", "Marcelle Rafafia", and "Danse Des Negresses", and the infectiously tuncel "C'est Pas La Mer A Boire", and "Voila L'Ete". What separates Les Negresses Vertes from the ranks of their post-punk counterparts is their instrumentation: two Spanish guitars, piano, bass, drums, congas, and a three-piece horn section. The trombone recalls the sound of The Specials, the accordion reminds me of Vancouver's wonderful Nyezt, the vocals are a cross between a football crowd and Shane MacGowan (in French), and the flamenco guitars and handclaps capitalize on the interest generated by the Gypsy Kings.

In short, a fine album with plenty of acoustic roots, caustic social comment, an irreverent sense of fun, and some of the most melodic dance music around. Calling all record labels: release this LP in Canada, right now!

Steve Edge

Picadilly and Cigarettes

Christopher Kovacs'
Notes From the English Circus



Here I am again, approaching the statue of Eros in London's Picadilly Circus. Assuming my best Chief Dan George voice I whisper "Dish looks like a good place to smoke", and sit. Immediately, or almost so, outrageously-tattooed Dole-Queue Punk #1 presents himself and asks for a cigarette. The sun's out. I feel good. I oblige. He retreats.

After a polite interlude of 20 seconds or so, outrageously-coiffured-squatters' rights Punk #2 plants himself beside me. He has a large Black Labrador with him, and seeing that the dog has not been cosmetically altered in any way, my heart is warmed a bit. I offer the dog a cigarette, am doggily ignored, then offer one to the punk.

Registering surprise and a little dismay that I've pre-empted him, he accepts and asks me the obligatory where-ya-from questions. He's intense in a nonthreatening way, softspoken. We start talking about music. I tell him about seeing the Pursuit of Happiness at the Marquee last Friday. Despite the dead-on harmonies, the intriguing bare-midriff writings of Leslie Stanwyck and the self-effacing patter of Moe Berg, the incessant power chord rehash left me cold. Maybe the vocals were too low in the mix. I don't know, it just felt like I was in a stadium. The punk nods at this and tells me about the semi-private parties out around Portobello Road where bands get together to play open-stage. I feel a bit left out. Apparently the parties and some suburban gigs are an 'in the know' sort of thing organized by the "squatters' coalition" of which he's a member.

I mention the bigfun Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper gig at the Mean Fiddler last night and he grunts approval, but at the mention of the Pixies' Wednesday show at Kilburn National he launches into a vitriolic diatribe: "Talentless hacks! Can't play a fuckin' note..." and so on. As he begins to foam ever so slightly at the mouth and his dog eyes me to assess my nutritional content, I hastily change the subject.

The pubs close at 11 PM, I bitch. What do you do if you hate disco, and you can't conscience £12 to get into the Hippodrome anyway? After 5 months in booze-and-bodily-fluid spattered Mykonos, where things get under way at midnight or so, I'm a little bit down by old London town. His eyes glaze over a little and his Mohawk begins to quiver. "Have you been to an Acid House party yet?" Oh no. Not this again. "I can't stand the music," I begin, to which he counters, "It's not the music..." But when I swiftly parry with "I guess with enough chemicals in your system...", he looks at me with reproach. "It's not that either. It's the atmosphere, the energy, the SEX." His eyes are fairly glowing now and I swear the people around us edgeback a bit. Fortunately, his attention is diverted by a pair of bobbies ambling by. "Fucking fascist," he mumbles. "In this country, they don't care about your politics, about your hair, about fuckall except how you dress." He plucks at my lamentably Gordon Gecko suspenders, not aggressively, but merely to emphasize his point. "You're safe. You can do whatever you want." He looks at his own leather and studs as I insipidly venture, "Isn't it the music that's important, not how you dress?" "Yah," he sighs, and fingers the roadscabs on his nose. "I like the music, you like the music, but guess who gets the shit kicked out of them at the end of the day?"

That might be a good place to end, except for this. A few cigarettes later, a rather clean cut young lady, hair demurely tied back, makeup lightly applied, with what might have been polyfills ineptly applied to conceal the hole where her nose ring world normally dangle, appears before us. My mohawked friend looks sheepishly at me and mutters with a curious note of rebellious pride - "Job interview." The young lady looks triumphant. She says "Come on, we'll be late for the babysitter." So with a "See ya 'round, man", he shamles off with his dog, hand in hand with his girl, into a bright day, leaving me chuckling and wondering.



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